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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Journal of a Tour through the Netherlands to Paris in 1821. By the Author of "Sketches and Fragments." &c. 12mo. pp. 171. London 1822. Longman & Co.

THE pen of Lady Blesington is, like herself, so graceful and charming, that the oldest and sourest of critics may feel an unwonted delight in turning from harsher duties to pay his compliments to so fair and so agreeable a writer. To us it affords a holiday feeling to push from us the ponderous quartos and solid octavos with which our table is ramparted, and, though as it were entrenched in books, to forget them in this little volume, and accompany its amiable author on her simple Tour. It is obvious that more must depend upon the manner than upon the matter in the traveller's details on a route so frequently described: of this Lady B. seems to have been perfectly aware, for she says in her preface—

"The ground has been trod over and written over again and again; and the names of Brussels and Paris are now 'familiar to men's mouths'; but different travellers observe different objects; and the reader will find that the book, like the journey, is short, and though it may afford but little amusement or instruction, it will, at all events, not occupy much of his time."

The small space it does occupy will, we think, be very pleasantly spent; and till our readers can enjoy all the varieties of unaffected sensibility, feminine taste, and acute reflection, which will be found to fill the period, it shall be our easy task to lay before them a slight sketch of this unassuming and elegant production.

Without following her Ladyship from stage to stage, from Cassel to Tournay, or from Tournay to Brussels, we will stop wherever we find her remarks most interesting; and from these illustrate her journal. Thus, at Waterloo, we are told the following anecdotes, which are new to us—

"We stopped half an hour at La Haye Sainte, and saw the gate where the French entered; it has been pierced by shots, and opens into an orchard. The farm-house has been repaired, and is now in good order; it has several marks in the walls, where the shots entered; and we were shewn a small dark room underneath the stairs, where an old woman remained during the attack; and, on being afterwards questioned as to whether she felt much alarmed, she declared that, not feeling at all interested about any of the

parties engaged, it was a matter of indifference to her who was successful. This was, indeed, being a philosopher." . . .

"The chateau (of Houmont, or Groumont,) is a complete ruin, but bears the traces of having been a good house, and of considerable extent; it was inclosed in a square, with the offices and house forming three sides of it, and a gate at each side. We were shewn the chapel, the doors and floor of which were burnt; and this furnished the superstitious natives with a miracle which they record with seeming delight. A large crucifix was placed over the door, the feet resting on the door-frame; when the flames reached the feet they immediately expired, though all the wood-work around was consumed."

The observations on such scenes display great ingenuousness, and a delightful mind, to which nothing, not even Brussels, can be common-place. For example, at Brussels—

"Friday, September 21.—Took a tour of the churches, several of which are fine Gothic buildings, and richly decorated with pictures, carvings, and statues. It is painful to see these fine old buildings disfigured by gaudily dressed images of saints and angels. The dresses are, I understand, presented by devotees, and their zeal is estimated according to the richness of the habiliments which they present. I think, in walking round one of these cathedrals, and examining the dresses of the virgins and saints, a person might form some opinion of the characters of the donors, according to the dresses presented; for instance, some of the virgins are adorned in so coquettish a style, as evidently bespeaks the dress to have been presented by an experienced coquette; others are arrayed in sombre garments, that indicate the giver to have been an old woman disgusted with the vanity of the world. I might enumerate many more, such as the gay tinselled drapery presented by some flighty, flashy young dame; and the simple white dress, adorned only with flowers, which imagination pictured to be the gift of some pure unsophisticated maiden, who would have liked to array herself in a similar habit."

In Paris the contemplation of the cemetery of Père La Chaise leads to thoughts equally just—

"The French only could have thought of decorating the last sad earthly home, as this is adorned; nothing can be more incongruous; every size, sort, and shape of monument, from the pyramid of Egypt in miniature to the ornamented Gothic chapel, all are jumbled together in the strangest confusion. Here we have a sarcophagus supported by sphinxes, while next to it a Greek cross of delicate proportion rears its modest front. Several of the monuments have recesses in them, which are filled with baskets of artificial flowers covered over with glass, and almost all are adorned by garlands of flowers, moss, or beads, while many have beds of flowers, rose-trees, and flowering shrubs planted round

them. The place is thickly planted with cypress, poplars, and other trees, and several walks are formed in it. The mixture of frivolity and sentiment visible in this asylum of the dead must impress itself strongly on the mind of an English person, and is no bad epitome of the French character.

"Here the ruling passion is strikingly evident; and I confess I have so much of the natural John Bull feeling about me, that I would prefer having my grave in the most secluded sombre spot that could be found, to leaving my bones in the fashionable, sentimental Père La Chaise. The beautiful monument of the unfortunate lovers Heloise and Abelard is removed to this cemetery, and wretchedly placed in a corner, near the wall that incloses the ground. Surely, if 'in the ashes glowed their wonted fire,' they would doubly glow at the situation and society in which they are now placed.

"It is the custom to pay a certain sum for the ground, which is generally bought at so many years' purchase. The general period is fifty years, and at the expiration of that time it is broken up, and disposed of again. The tomb-stones usually bear inscriptions specifying the length of time for which they are to stand. Reading these inscriptions suggested the following lines:

Reader, this grave for fifty years is mine,
But when my term is up, it may be thine.
Thus the epitaph answers the double purpose of honouring the dead, and of offering the tenement to a future customer."

There is a different custom in England, but which we never noticed, except in Tewksbury church-yard, where, upon several of the tombstones, beneath the epitaph, is inscribed, "You are particularly desired never to (remove or) destroy this tombstone." The only effusions of Lady B.'s sentiments with which we cannot accord, are those of extreme sympathy for the late Ruler of France. On this point her usual sound judgment appears to forsake her, and she surrenders her head too entirely to her heart. How much more correct are the following thoughts, suggested by a show of mummies brought from Egypt by M. Durand. We transcribe the account entire, as well for these as for its own curiosity—

"Monsieur Thedenet Durant is the son of the French consul at Alexandria, and has but lately returned from Egypt with this collection, which is offered for sale to the French government. It consists of several mummies in perfect preservation, inclosed in different cases, finely painted. The number of cases is according to the rank of the deceased, and some have had five, all painted with the most vivid colours, and highly varnished. The outward case is shaped like a very large coffin, the interior and exterior painted in hieroglyphics and ciphers. A large lid fits on this case, on which is painted a human figure, similar to those generally painted on mummies, surrounded by hieroglyphics and ciphers. The mummies are wrapped in cerecloth, bound round with hempen cords.

* From this resolution we proscribe the town of Ath, of which her Ladyship humorously says: "This is an inconsiderable place, with a wretched inn, dirty beyond all description, the beds infested with fleas, and the landlord most exorbitant in his charges; this suggested the following lines:—

"Where'er comes here must hope for little ease,
By day the landlord bites, by night the fleas."

"Monsieur Durant showed us six heads belonging to mummies that he had opened, which are in a most wonderful state of preservation. They were black and quite dry, like parchment, and had a considerable portion of hair, which did not appear at all discoloured. That of one was of a bright brown, glossy, and intermixed with a few grey hairs; the eye-brows and lashes were quite perfect, as were the nose, eye-lids, and lips; the teeth and tongue of one of the mummies were undecayed. The countenance of each appeared as different as when alive, and all the peculiarities preserved. One of the heads bore a strong likeness to the Duke of Wellington, and the Baron Denon remarked that another of them resembled Volney. A part of the spine was attached to the heads. How wonderful is it to witness these remains of mortality in such a state of preservation, after they have been inhumed above 2000 years! How great must have been the pains bestowed in embalming, and to what an astonishing degree of perfection must the Egyptians have brought it! They seem to have waged war with that ruthless destroyer Time, and in all their works have aimed at baffling his power. Their pyramids, their colossal statues, their art of embalming, all tended to this point; and certainly they have outlived the works of all other nations. If the friends who were so anxious to preserve the mummies which I this day saw, could have foreseen that the pains they were bestowing to give durability to mouldering clay would be the very means of tempting the curious to plunder the tombs, and to remove the dead from their last sanctuary into foreign lands, to be exposed alike to careless beholders and curious speculators, it may be doubted whether they would not have preferred leaving the frail clay of their friends to mingle with its kindred dust in their native country.

"On looking at those dead of a distant era, I was carried back to the days when they were first consigned to the tomb. I looked at each poor face, and thought of the hearts that ached on taking leave of it for the last time. I thought how many times the lineaments of each countenance had been recalled to the memory of some surviving friend; while now those faces are viewed with careless indifference, or as mere objects of curiosity. Oh! who would wish to give durability to the loved dead on such conditions! Sooner than have my poor remains exposed to strangers, I would have them consigned to the most humble grave, with quicklime to accelerate their decomposition. We were shown a chemise belonging to a mummy, made of a transparent sort of saffron-coloured calico; it was in good repair, and the seams were sewed in the same manner as at the present day.

"The large cases of the mummies were filled with very small vases, lamps, clay figures, finely coloured, and covered with hieroglyphics and rings of different kinds. These, I suppose, were votive offerings from the friends of the dead, and were ranged along each side of the mummy in regular rows. Monsieur Durant presented me with a very curious little ring, made of clay, and of a bright Turquoise colour, that exactly fit me; so that I now wear a ring that has been above 2000 years buried, and that probably once adorned the finger of some Egyptian lady.

"Monsieur Durant's collection is very fine,

and far surpasses any that I have seen in England; but it gives me pleasure to hear him say that a much finer collection is now ready to be shipped from Alexandria for England by the British Consul, and designed for the British Museum."

At Compeigne, the magnificence of the palace enchanted and surprised Lady B., and it must be owned that sumptuousness and luxury were never carried beyond the pitch which they reached in some of Buonaparte's residences. To recapitulate the articles in which this style of ornament was displayed, could give but a faint idea of its splendour; and we rather, for the sake of our female friends, copy the author's notice of the art of Brussels Lace making—

"We went to the lace manufactory, and saw some beautiful specimens. The progress of making it is curious, and it requires seven years to perfect the lace-makers in their profession. A lace of a good width is joined in seven or eight places, as the net or ground is made in narrow strips, which are joined together according to the width the lace is required to be. The border or sprigs are then sewed on, and the work is divided as follows:—One woman makes the ground, another joins it, a third makes the sprigs, and a fourth sews them on the ground-work.

"The pattern of the lace is neatly chalked on a blue paper, on which the ground-work is pinned, and the sprigs and border sewed on over the proper pattern, in the same manner as muslin is embroidered in England."

Her Ladyship's taste for the Fine Arts is distinctly shown in her description of a statue recently brought to the Louvre—it is called the Venus of Milos, which graceful statue is nearly eight feet high, and was lately brought from the Island of Milos, where it was discovered but a short time ago.

"A young man who had been sent by the French Literary Institution to travel, passing through the Island of Milos, saw some peasants excavating, and, on inquiring, was informed that they expected to find some piece of sculpture. He told them he should return to the same place that evening, and that if they found any thing worth purchasing he would be the buyer. On returning, he found that they had just dug up this lovely statue, which he bought and sent to the French ambassador at Constantinople; by him it was presented to the king, who has sent it to the Louvre, where it forms at present the chief attraction.

"This statue stands with the left foot advanced forward, and the right hip projecting. The left foot only is shewn, which is very finely modelled. The neck is of exquisite beauty; and the chest, although it shews a little too much of the anatomy of the form, is well modelled. The bosom is small but well shaped; the right breast is compressed by the upper part of the arm, which rather impairs its beauty. Both arms are broken off from the thick part of the upper arm; but from the position of the parts that remain, I should conclude that they were originally in an extended posture, as there is no trace of their having ever touched any part of the figure. The waist is rather clumsy, and the stomach large. The lower part is covered with drapery, finely executed. The hips are full and gracefully turned. The face is dignified, and full of calm abstracted loveliness. The hair is dressed a la Grecque, with a part turning in to the back of the neck. Part of the nose is modern, but all the rest of the

features are perfect. The appearance of the statue is highly interesting, and cannot fail to strike all beholders with admiration."

Her Ladyship also speaks in terms of amateur warmth of other specimens of art, and at Baron Denon's, says,

"I must not omit the exquisite cast of the elegant little hand of Pauline, the sister of Napoleon, which in shape and size surpasses every thing I ever saw or imagined."

Upon this subject the judgment ought to be decisive; for we, great admirers of beautiful hands in sculpture, and still greater lovers of them in nature, have seen few which could compare with those of Pauline's eulogist. Her Ladyship is equally liberal in her praise of Mademoiselle Mars the actress, but we are a little at a loss how to understand her concluding period—

"She is no less charming in playing sentimental comedy; her smile is indescribable, full of meaning and archness; her eyes are very fine and expressive, and her voice is music itself. She is altogether the most fascinating actress I ever beheld, and looks much younger and handsomer than when I saw her six years ago, though she was then reported to be forty-five years old: she is a second Ninon De L'Enclos, and, I trust, like her, will retain her powers of fascination for thirty years to come. Were I a man I should think it necessary to beware the ideas of Mars."

Why Mademoiselle Mars should be more dangerous on her *ides* (i. e. we presume the 13th days of eight months in the year, and the 15th of the other four) than at other times, we are puzzled to conceive; but having found so much general good sense in all our fair author's remarks as to entitle her opinions to respect, we repeat her caution, and warn our male travellers to avoid the Comic Syren on these fatal *ides*.

The Rob Roy steam-packet restored this lady to that native land which she is so well formed to adorn. The voyage across was tempestuous, but she braved the deck; and to this resolution we are indebted for the following touching lines—

Is there, O Lord, in this dread hour,
One stubborn heart that doubts thy power;
When nought but clouds and waves appear,
And howling tempests fright the ear?

Death seems on yon huge wave to ride,
And threat'ning mounts the vessel's side;
While yawns beneath the green abyss,
And round the foaming surges hiss.

But thou, O Lord, art ever nigh,
Thy mandate can bid dangers fly;
This soothing hope my spirit cheers,
And quick dispels my rising fears.

We shall only add that this *Tour* is just such a book as a lady ought to write, and an honour to its accomplished author.

The Royal Jubilee. A Scottish Mark. By the Ettrick Shepherd. 8vo. pp. 42. Edinburgh, Wm. Blackwood; and London, T. Cadell. 1822.

A noo, they say, may look at a King; and if this be so, there can be no good reason why a Shepherd may not write for One. He, of Ettrick, no doubt, felt this; and that his offering might be worthy of the attempt, has evoked all his creative powers to furnish forth a Mark fit for a Monarch. The dramatic personae are no other than the Queen of the Fairies, with attendant Elves; the

shentles are gone mhad, and the poor people are gone mhad: the wifes are all gone mhad, and the wee, wee pairtries are all mhaddest of all. But is it not an awsome thing that the very bogles of the hill should have risen out of the earth and gone mhad too? Keep the peace there, my ghostly masters. Sure, there never was a good shentleman beloved like this! Every living creature in the whole land, visible and invisible, is in commotion, contending who shall be rendering him the most ghrandest homage, and who has the past right and condescension of him. Cot pless us! what a habbleshue, and a hurly-purly, with clans and commoners. And, among the rest, tere pe te prave and te ponny Campbells, with te P on the shouter of te arm, whilk shaws tere mhasster to pe no ghrant scholar, for it should peen a C. Och, that she had them all here! For of all other risings, this of the clans of pogles pe te worst. But it pe petter to sech fools than fight wi' them. Come, my prairie friends, tere shall none of you pe either first or last, for you shall just form a round robin about our mhasster and our King, and pe a creat, and a strong, and a mighty pul-wark about him, when the ee of man can neither pe seeing te one nor te other. Come, I will form you in a ring, and you shall pe tancing of a meenoway, and singing te first shentleman of te whole world to his good sleep.

Queen. Pray, brave sir, what shall we sing?
Archy. Och! just pe you beginning te fine song. A good turn needs but a beginning. Let it pe Scottish, true Scottish.

(They tread softly in a circle and sing.)

We'll round about a' thegither,
The way that the wily moon goes,
And aye we will join the wild chorus,
And sing our guest to his repose:
For wassa he weel wordy blessings,
And wassa he weel wordy three,
And wassa he weel wordy blessings,
Wha came to the North to me?

There's some that can rule with discretion,
There's some that can stoop to the law,
There's some that can wield a whole nation,
But wha it is can do them a'?

Then wassa he weel wordy blessings, &c.

We'll dance till the goodshaker tremble,
The gowan, and harebell see blue;
An't wassa for great Archy Campbell,
We wadna leave track on the dew.
For wassa he weel wordy blessings, &c.

The night-wind is souging mair sweetly
O'er bells of the heather and ling;
The starns they are shining mair brightly,
And a' for the sake o' our King.
Then wassa he weel wordy blessings, &c.

O well may the land of the thistle
Have joy on her bonny ee-bree;
She'll never forget the Blithe bucle
And life of her GRAND JUBILEE.

Then wassa he weel wordy blessings, &c.

Archy. Now scale a' your ways, like good pairns, and we're muckle obliged to you for your good intentions. Ride away on the swift o' the wind there, or mak horses o' the wee windlestrae, and scamper off like as many fire-flaughts; or ye may climb up your lang ladders, made o' the peams o' the moon; but, in the King's name, I dismiss ye. Gude heavens! I na it an awsome thing that the very teils and bogles are come out o' the

mondigwort holes to kick up sic a stour on this great occasion.

(Exeunt all the Spirits, in different directions.)

Archy looks for a while after them, and then goes off, singing

"Hersel be Heelant shentleman,
Pe auld as Pottal priggam," &c.

But not to dismiss our readers with the least favourable impression of the author as a Masker and Bard, we will finish our review with two of his best Songs. The first is from the Borders, the second from the Gael—

Hail, hail to the son of our father,
The lover of man, of truth, and of order!
Joy, joy to the land of brown heather!
The blood of her Bruce is come over the border.
(Echo repeats) Over the Border.

The song of the fairy for bonny Queen Mary
Shall rise to her son, in her halls now no stranger;
While all the brave Border is rising in order
To show their loved Monarch they're ready in danger. (Echo repeats) Ready in danger.

Sing! Sing, ye green fairies of lowland dale,
None so well know the joy of the nation:
Round, round, from the Cheviot to Lothian vale,
Nought is prevailing but proud exultation.
(Echo repeats) Proud exultation!

Herdman and haiden too, green-coated maiden too,
Baron and burgher are all in disorder,
Ranting and singing, and bonnets up-flinging,
Because of the lad that's come over the Border.
(Echo repeats) Over the Border!

To the pine of Lochaber
Due honours be given,
That girdles the earth,
And that blossoms to heaven:
Loud flourish the oran,
With pipe and with tabor,
To the tree of great Bancho,
The lord of Lochaber.

Far flourish our stem,
And its honours rise prouder,
The stem of the Stuart,
And rose of the Tudor.
Ho urrim! sing urrim
To the best and the latest!
What joy to the land
That the last is the greatest.

Ho urrim! sing urrim
To the day that brought hither,
And the day that gave birth
To our King and our Father!
And oft may this season
And scene back allure him
To the arms of his people!
Ho urrim! sing urrim!

Peak Scenery, or Excursions in Derbyshire:
made chiefly for the purpose of Picturesque
Observation. Illustrated by Engravings,
&c. By E. Rhodes. 4to. Part III.
London 1822.

To the two preceding Parts of this agreeable work we paid prompt attention, and in them found occasion to remark on the taste, talent, and feeling of the author. As he continues his progress we discover nothing of these deficient, nor ought that could fatigue either the writer or the reader. The same descriptions flowing from a love of nature in her picturesque, grand, and romantic features, varied by similar episodes, and illustrated by equally correct and beautiful specimens of the pencil and burin, constitute the substance and ornaments of the Part before

us. It needs little farther recommendation, and we rejoice that this is the case; for we should find an unmountable difficulty in conveying an adequate idea of a production in which so much of the merit depends on what it is impossible to transplant into a Reviewer's page.

These excursions traverse the interesting district of the Peak by Hope-Dale, Castle-ton, Mam-Tor, the Winnats, Glossop, Brough, Padley, Money-ash, Youlgrave, Stanton, Hartle-moor, Birchover, and Matlock: among which names, every one at all acquainted with the topography of the country will recognize some of the sweetest and most striking scenes in Derbyshire. Seven charming plates, from drawings by Mr. Chantrey, (except one by Miss H. Rhodes,) render as familiar to the eye as the letter-press does to the mind, the peculiar forms of the Peak Ca-vern, Hopedale from the Winnats, Alport Tufa Rocks, Matlock Dale and Tor, &c. &c.; but as we cannot call these to our aid, we must rest satisfied with producing a few extracts to justify our praise of Mr. Rhodes' elegant publication. The River Derwent is thus fancifully delineated—

— "In the immense multitude that compose the aggregate of mankind, there are many who seek the sequestered shades of a still and retired life—who shun the tumult of society, and seclude themselves not only from the eye of the traveller, but who pass through life equally unknown and unknown. Others rush into day, and like the Derwent, pouring through the more open and sunny meadows, court and attract the gaze of all around them, and live only in proportion as they become the object to which public attention is directed. There are likewise those who delight to mix in the agitated scenes of a troubled world, and whose pursuits partake the character of the Derwent, when forcing an impetuous passage over the disjointed fragments of rock that obstruct its channel and impede its course."

The account of the Tufa formations at Alport contains some curious notices in Natural History—

"This rock appears to be a congregation of matter, chiefly vegetable, which has been formed into an immense petrefaction by the continual action of water, but at what period is uncertain, as the stream which produced it has either ceased to flow, or has changed its course. The limestone strata of Derbyshire abounds with a variety of animal and vegetable remains, which time has hardened into stone; but in the tufa rocks they are often embedded in their native state: branches of trees are frequently found within them; and in some places they appear an accumulation of sticks, straws, and weeds, closely enveloped in calcareous incrustations; amongst which, the natural snail-shell, not in the least altered in appearance, is often found. In one place, where the rock had been recently broken, and the trunk of a small birch tree, about six or eight inches diameter, taken out, we noticed the impression that remained, and took from it a part of the bark that was left behind, which was not at all affected in its nature by its long imprisonment. Some few years ago, the head and horns of a stag, which are now in the possession of a gentleman at Bakewell, were taken entire from out the tufa rocks at this place. It is not to the geologist only that this curious lime deposit is interesting: a great variety of the most beautiful plants and

flowers grow upon it; it is, therefore, equally attractive to the botanist. Here the common thistle flourishes luxuriantly, and displays great beauty, the flowers being peculiarly rich in colour: wild marjoram, mountain-thyme, ladies' bed-straw, and a fine variety of bright yellow stone-crop—the *Sedum* of *Linnaeus* are also abundant on these rocks.

A comp d'œil from *Stonnis* affords a perfect specimen of the author's enthusiastic admiration of his subject, and of his style in embodying it—

“About a mile from Scarthing Rock, a sharp turn on the left led us over a hill covered with lead mines to a high sandstone rock, called ‘*Stonnis*,’ or, more properly, ‘*Stone House*,’ to the summit of which we clambered for the purpose of obtaining a view of the surrounding country from an eminence not less elevated than the remotest peak of *Masson*. How cold and feeble is the language of description—how incompetent to embody the conceptions, and express the feelings of highly-excited admiration! I stood on the top of *Stonnis*—huge masses of rock lay scattered at my feet—a grove of pines waved their dark branches over my head—far below, embosomed in an amphitheatre of hills, one of the finest landscapes that nature any where presents, was spread before me. The habitations of men, some near and others far apart, were scattered over the scene; but, in the contemplation of the woods and rocks of *Matlock Dale*—the windings of the *Derwent*—the pine-crowned heights of *Abraham*, and the proud hill of *Masson*—they were all forgotten: the structures man had reared seemed as nothing amidst the beauty and grandeur of the works of God.

“I have scaled the highest eminences in the mountainous districts of *Derbyshire*—seen from their summits the sweet dales that repose in tranquil beauty at their base—marked the multitude of hills included within the wide horizon they command, and my heart has thrilled with pleasure at the sight; but not an eminence that I ever before ascended—not a prospect, however rich and varied, which I thence descried, was at all comparable with the view from *Stonnis*. In that species of beauty of landscape, which approaches to grandeur, it is unequalled in *Derbyshire*. The parts of which it is composed are of the first order of fine things, and they are combined with a felicity that but rarely occurs in nature. *Scarthing Rock*, the woods of *Wellersey Castle*, *Matlock High Tor*, the hills of *Masson*, *Critch*, and *Riber*, are all noble objects; and the rude masses that constitute the foreground of the picture are thrown together, and grouped and coloured in a manner strikingly picturesque. When I beheld the scene from *Stonnis*, a fine breeze drove the clouds rapidly athwart the sky, and the flitting gleams of light, which were instantaneously succeeded by deep shadows, illumined in succession the various parts of the landscape, and imparted to it an interest that was powerfully felt. Sometimes the passing clouds covered the whole range of prospect with one unvaried tone of still and sober colour;—suddenly a bright ray of sunshine intervened, and for a moment the spot on which I stood appeared a paradise of light amidst surrounding gloom. An hour at *Stonnis* on such a day impresses the mind with a series of beautiful images, which in after life are often recalled to and recollected with delight.”

With this we close our examples of Mr. *Rhodes*' descriptive powers, and shall only, in conclusion, augment our miscellaneous selection with various brief facts which are stated in the course of his tour. At *Hathersage* is shown the tomb of *Little John*—

“His burial-place is distinguished by stones placed at the head and foot of his grave; they are nearly four yards apart, and they are said to designate the stature of this gigantic man. However fabulous this account may be, the body here interred appears to have been of more than ordinary size. In October 1784, this reputed grave of *Little John* was opened, when a thigh bone measuring two feet five inches was found within it. A tall man from *Offerton*, who on account of his stature had probably obtained the name of *Robin Hood*'s faithful follower, was interred in this place; hence originated this village tradition; and that it might be rendered still more marvellous, when the bones were re-committed to the grave the stones that originally marked the stature of the tall man of *Offerton* were removed farther apart.”

At *Glossop Village Church*, Mr. R. says, “we observed the remains of some garlands hung up near the entrance into the chancel. They were the mementoes of a custom of rather a singular nature that lingers about this part of *Derbyshire*, after having been lost in nearly every other. It is denominated ‘*Rush-bearing*,’ and the ceremonies of this truly rural fête take place annually on one of the days appropriated to the wake or village festival. A car or waggon is on this occasion decorated with rushes. A pyramid of rushes, ornamented with wreaths of flowers, and surmounted with a garland, occupies the centre of the car, which is usually bestrewn with the choicest flowers that the meadows of *Glossop Dale* can produce, and liberally furnished with flags and streamers. Thus prepared, it is drawn through the different parts of the village, preceded by groups of dancers and a band of music. All the ribbons in the place may be said to be in requisition on this festive day, and he who is the greatest favourite amongst the lasses is generally the gayest personage in the cavalcade. After parading the village, the car stops at the church gates, where it is dismantled of its honours. The rushes and flowers are then taken into the church, and strewed amongst the pews and along the floors, and the garlands are hung up near the entrance into the chancel, in remembrance of the day. The ceremony ended, the various parties who made up the procession retire, amidst music and dancing, to the village inn, where they spend the remainder of the day in joyous festivity.”

Another curious custom is thus noticed—

“In the immediate vicinity of *Broad Bottom Bridge*, within the rocks that form the channel of the *Etherow*, globes of red sandstone from twenty to fifty or sixty inches in diameter, are frequently found; and a practice prevails of covering them over with paint, and marking them with the more prominent indications of the human countenance; they are then placed in the most conspicuous situations, upon gate-posts and walls, to ‘grin a ghastly smile’ at the stranger as he passes along. Nothing can be more grotesque in appearance, or ludicrous in effect, than these shapeless heads and staring faces.”

One of the most ancient families in *Derby-*

shire is that of the *Eyres*, of whose origin we have the following story from *Chesham*—

“an old pedigree, which is well preserved at *Hassop*. The first of the *Eyres* came in with *King William the Conqueror*, and his name was *Truelove*; but, in the *Battle of Hastings* (14 Oct. 1066) this *Truelove*, seeing the King disarmed, and his helmet beat so close to his face that he could not breathe, pulled off his helmet, and horsed him again. The King said, ‘Thou shalt hereafter from *Truelove* be called *Mr. Eyre*, because thou hast given me the air I breathe.’ After the battle, the King called for him, and being found with his thigh cut off, he ordered him to be taken care of; and being recovered, he gave him lands in the county of *Derby*, in reward for his services; and the seat he lived at he called *Hope*, because he had hope in the greatest extremity; and the King gave the *Leg* and *Thigh* cut off in armour for his crest, and which is still the crest of all the *Eyres* in England.”

A more modern anecdote is thus given at the *Mine in Darley Dale*—

“Remarking to one of the workmen that pyrites appeared to be very abundant in this mine, he very earnestly wished it was less so; for, added he, ‘if the lead ore does not eat out the pyrites, the pyrites will soon eat out the lead ore.’ The miner’s mode of expression brought forcibly to my recollection a remark which I had many years before heard made in a sermon on the utility of prayer, by the celebrated *Rowland Hill*, when preaching in a theatre on a stage, publicly devoted to profane purposes—‘If,’ said the reverend preacher, ‘praying does not make you give over sinning, sinning will soon make you give over praying.’”

On *Matlock Bank* stands a venerable representative of antiquity in the vegetable kingdom, a *Lime Tree*—

“the trunk of which is decayed within, but the branches, which are healthy and vigorous, ramify to a great distance, and cover an area of considerable extent. This old tree appears to be renovating in every part, and flourishing with new life. In some writings now in existence, which are six hundred years old, and in possession of a gentleman who resides at *Doncaster*, this tree is particularly mentioned and its acite pointed out.”

We find in various parts accounts of the *Druidical* circles and monuments which stood the country about the *Peak*; and a translation of the letter of *Quintus Cicero* to his brother *Tullius* is very aptly introduced to enlighten this ancient practice of our British forefathers. It is not new to learned readers, but as it may still interest the generality and inform the young, we take leave to quote it. *Quintus* accompanied *Cæsar* in his invasion, and writes—

“The temples of the Britons are raised in the depths of the woods, and constructed in a circular form, with obelisks of stone, over which are imposts, all of huge dimensions, untouched by the chisel. One of these I saw while it was erecting by the rude unskilful hands of the natives, as a peace-offering to their *Cromus* or *Apollo*, to mediate the good offices of *Cæsar*.”

“The huge stones of which it was composed lay scattered by the hand of nature on the plain; these (with myriads of the votaries of the god to afford their labour) the high Priest, who directed the operations, caused to be rolled up on inclined planes of

solid earth, which had been formed by the excavation of trenches, until they had attained a height equal to their own altitude; then pits being dug, they were launched from the terrace, and sunk so as to stand perpendicularly, at due and equal distances in the circle, and over these were placed others horizontally. After having completed one circle, they form another that is concentric, at some distance, and towards the extremity of the area of the inner circle, they place a huge stone for the performance of religious rites.

"When the sun enters into Cancer is the great festival of the god; and on all high mountains and eminences of the country they light fires at the approach of that day, and make their wives, their children, and their cattle, to pass through the fire, in honour of the Deity. Deep and profound is the silence of the multitude during this ceremony, until the appearance of the sun above the horizon—when, with loud and continued exclamations, and songs of joy, they hail the utmost exaltation of that luminary, as the supreme triumph of the God of their adoration."

Remark on the Druid remains at Bowter, Mr. R. says, that the rocking stones are now immovable; but in this he is mistaken: Some of these massy fragments still vibrate to the touch, and lads and lasses who can move them with a finger do not yet despair of being married before the end of the year.

Before taking leave of Mr. Rhodes, we may express our entire concurrence with him in reprobating the greedy absurdity which prevails at Matlock, where the mountains are piled in, and a stranger must pay sixpence before he is allowed to climb a precipice. Such impositions disgrace not only their mercenary inventors, but the country where they are practised.

The Adventures of the Gooroo Paramartan: a Tale in the Tamil language: accompanied by a Translation and Vocabulary, together with an Analysis of the first story. By Benjamin Babington, of the Madras Civil Service. Small 4to. pp. 243. London 1832. J. M. Richardson.

THE Tamil tongue, which consists of two (the upper and the lower) dialects, is spoken by more than five millions of the population in the south of India. Derived from no language which now exists, and in its primitives entirely distinct from the Sanskrit, its study is of infinite importance to persons employed in the administration of our Eastern Empire; and the author of this work has rendered them a most useful service by enabling them to acquire a knowledge of it from a publication at once skilful, learned, and amusing,—skilful in plan and arrangement, learned in philology, and amusing in the exemplar stories. The original alphabet, tradition says, was composed of only sixteen letters, and what it has since borrowed so largely from the refined Sanskrit of the north, is chiefly found in its lower or colloquial idiom. The Tamil is the parent of the Telougoo, Malayalam, and Canarese; or, it is probable, all these spring from a common root now lost in the gloom of antiquity. But as the Tamil possesses stronger traces of originality than any of the cognate dialects of Southern India, it is obvious that its acquisition, added to an acquaintance with the more polished Sanskrit of the North, must be the best method for acquiring a knowledge of all the Hindoo languages of India.

The story of the Gooroo Paramartan, selected by Mr. Babington in order to furnish materials for commencing in this country the study of the Tamil, is one (as he informs us) of the lighter productions of that profound scholar and rare genius Father Beschi, or Viramamooni, i. e. the great Champion Devotee, as this learned Italian Jesuit was surnamed by the natives. Beschi, appointed by the Pope to the East India mission, arrived at Goa in the year 1700; and thence proceeded to Avoor, in the district of Trichinopoly, where he made himself master of Tamil, Telougoo and Sanskrit, as well as of Hindostanee and Persian. Thus qualified for a missionary, he further recommended himself by adopting the indifferent customs of the Hindoos, such as abandoning animal food, employing Brahmans to prepare his meals, and dressing in the religious habit of a Gooroo, or Indian devotee. Through these means he was not only unusually successful in his labours of conversion, but rose to high political influence; for in 1736 he was appointed Divan to the famous Chunda Saheb, Nabob of Trichinopoly. When the Mahrattas overthrew this chieftain, Beschi escaped to Gayal Patanam, then a Dutch city, where he died in 1742, and where masses are still offered up for the salvation of his soul. He founded several churches in India, and produced many literary works which do honour to his memory. Among these we may enumerate *Tembavan*, a sacred poem, as long as the *Iliad*, and, as Mr. B. states, of very considerable merit; also *Kiten Ammal*, another poem, *Vediyarsookham*, and *Veda Vilakkam*, religious prose works; *Dictionaries in Tamil and French*; *Portuguese and Latin*; and other lexicographical and grammatical performances of much research, labour and utility. To this slight sketch we have only to add, that Beschi was as pious as he was zealous, and has left in his life and conduct a model for all present and future missionaries who attempt to plant the Christian faith in the minds of Hindoo idolaters.

Having thus briefly gone over the graver matters suggested by the volume before us, we turn to the adventures of the Gooroo, which tale was probably intended as a pleasing vehicle of instruction to those Jesuits whose labours required a knowledge of the Tamil; but as we cannot have many readers of that Order, and are besides destitute of Tamil types, we trust we shall be excused for saying nothing to the version in these curious and pretty characters, and drawing our illustrations from its English translation. Thence we learn that

"There was a Gooroo whose name was Noodle, who had five disciples serving under his command, Blockhead, Idiot, Simpleton, Dunce, and Fool. These, having all six gone on foot through the surrounding villages, to make some enquiries respecting other disciples, were on their return to their Mattam,* when one day, they arrived in the third watch,† at the bank of a river.‡

* The Mattam is a secluded retreat, in which the Gooroo and his disciples reside when not engaged in visitations to those who are under their spiritual control.

† In their civil day the Tamils divide the twenty-four hours into sixty parts, each of which consequently contains twenty-four minutes.

‡ The seven rivers celebrated in books, and classed together, are the Ganges, the Jumna, the Nerbudda, the Saraswati, the Cavery, the Kistnah, and the Godavari.

"Under a notion that this was a cruel stream, which, in consequence, could not be passed while it was awake, the Gooroo gave orders to Dunce, and dispatched him to ascertain whether the river were asleep." Upon this he lighted with a segar, and carried with him, a firebrand which he had borne in his hand, and without approaching the river, kept aloof and stretching out the brand at arms length, dipped it into the water.

"Observing that as soon as he had immersed it, the water smoked with a hissing noise, away Dunce ran, hurrying, stumbling and tumbling, and cried out, 'O Master! Master! this is not the time for passing the river. It is awake; and no sooner had I touched it, than it flew into a passion, hissed like a venomous serpent, and smoking in fierce rage, leaped and rushed at me. It is indeed a wonder that I escaped with the preservation of my life.' To this the Gooroo replied, 'What can we do in opposition to the divine will? We will wait a little while.' So saying, they sat down in a spreading grove hard by, which formed a dark shade, and as each was relating, in order to pass the time there, different circumstances regarding this river, Blockhead spoke as follows:

"I have many a time heard my Grandfather tell of the ferocity and artfulness of this stream. My Grandfather was a great merchant. One day, he and a companion of his were driving along two asses laden with bags of salt, and when they had descended into the middle of the river, they washed themselves in the cool water, which was running up to their waists, (for, as it was in the hot season,* they were somewhat fatigued) and stopping the asses they bathed them also.

"On arriving afterwards at the opposite bank, they saw, not only that the river had devoured the whole of the salt, but that the salt had all been miraculously drawn out, while the mouths of the gunny bags, which were well sewed, were not in the least opened. They congratulated themselves, saying, ha! ha! since the river has seized upon this salt, is it not a great blessing that it has left us unswallowed?"

Simpleton tells the story of the dog and his shadow, as another instance of the River's treachery, and the narrative proceeds.

"Whilst they were thus discoursing, they apied a horseman coming from the other side. As only a single span depth of water was flowing in the river, he remained on horseback, and without being the least afraid, came hastily splashing through. On perceiving this, they cried out, 'Alack! alack! if our Gooroo too had a horse, both he and we with him might descend into the river without fear.' Then they began to entreat him, saying, 'O Sir, you must by all means buy a horse.' The Gooroo Noodle however replied, 'We will talk of this matter hereafter.'

"So as the day was declining and the

* According to book authorities the year is divided into six seasons. The 1st comprehends August and September; it is the rainy season, at least on the western side of India; 2nd, the cold season, comprehends October and November; 3d, the former dews, comprehends December and January; 4th, the latter dews, February and March, (these two bear some analogy to the first rains and latter rains of the Jews, see Deut. ch. xi. 14.) 5th, the first hot season, April and May; 6th, the hottest season, June and July. The Tamil months commence about the middle of our own, which throws these seasons a fortnight in advance.

evening approached, he sent again to examine whether the river were asleep. Idiot accordingly took the same fire brand, and on jammering it for the purpose of examination, he found that the water did not spirt up in the least, as the fire had been before extinguished; so being greatly delighted, he ran off, crying, 'Now is the time! now is the time! come along quickly, and do not open your mouths or make any noise; the time of the deep slumber of the river is come; there is no occasion now for fear or alarm.' Upon Idiot's shouting out this good news, they suddenly started up, and without uttering a single word, all six of them cautiously descended into the stream. At each step, which was so planted that even the waves beaten up by their legs made no rippling sound, they raised their feet over the water, advanced them, pressed them down again, and with hearts beating pit-a-pat tripped along and passed the river.

"As soon as they reached and ascended the bank, they were elated in proportion as they had before been sorrowful, and while they were jumping about, Fool, who stood behind, counted all the rest without including himself. As he only saw five persons while he was counting, he took alarm, crying out, 'Woe is me! woe is me! one is gone with the stream. Behold, Master, but five of us stand here.' Having placed them all in a row, the Gooroo himself counted them two or three times over; but as he always reckoned, omitting himself, he too pronounced that there were but five. Thus as one and all, each leaving himself out, added together only the others, it became certain among them that the river had swallowed up one.

"On this account they howled bitterly, crying out 'Alas! alas!' and embracing one another exclaimed, 'O thou cruel river. O thou more obdurate than a block, more savage than a panther. Hast thou not feared, yes but a little, to swallow up the disciple of the Gooroo Noodle, who is saluted, respected, worshipped and praised from one end of the world to the other? Wretch! hast thou such a daring spirit, thou son of a black bear; offspring of a cruel tiger! Shalt thou attain to a future world? shalt thou hereafter roll thy cool stream along? May thy source be totally dried up and scorched; may the glare dart upon the sand in thy bed; may fire feed upon thy waves; may thy meadows be parched and withered; may thy depths be filled with thorns! Without moisture, without coolness, without even a mark to point out the place of thy former existence, mayest thou be in future consumed away!'

"Thus did they vent their abuse and railing, stretching forth their hands and cracking their fingers. Nevertheless, from their hasty stupidity, no one knew up to that moment which among them had been carried away by the river, and no one inquired who it might be. Just at that juncture, a sensible man who was travelling along the road came up, and touched with compassion demanded, 'How now Master, how now, tell me, what is this bustle about?' They in turn related to him in due order what had happened, and he fully perceiving their idiotism, replied, 'What has happened, has happened. If you will make

me a suitable recompense, I have power to call hither him who is gone with the stream; for know, that I am deeply versed in legerdemain.' To that the Gooroo rejoicing answered, 'If you will do this, we will give you forty-five fanams which we have provided for our journey.' Then the other raising a stick which he held in his hand, 'Tis in this,' said he, 'that this art is contained. If you will range yourselves in a row, and as you receive a blow upon the back, will each reckon by calling out his name, I will cause all six of you to be here present.' Having thus placed them, he first gave the Gooroo a thump on the back: 'Holla!' cried he, 'tis I, myself, the Gooroo.' 'One,' replied the man. In this manner he gave a blow to all of them, and each repeating his name respectively and casting up the account, they agreed in finding that not one among the six was missing. Being therefore astonished they came round the conjurer, and bestowing great praise on him, paid him the money which they had promised and went away."

This tale, so like that of our own Wise Men of Gotham, is followed by seven other whimsical examples of the stolidity of the Gooroo and his worthy Disciples. In the second, not being rich enough to purchase the horse so much coveted for passing rivers, they buy from a roguish gardener a large pumpkin, which he imposes upon Blockhead and Idiot (the Ambassadors) as a horse's egg! The sequel is entertaining:

"Blockhead having carefully taken the egg and lifted it on his head, the other went before shewing the way, and while they were thus going along, Blockhead began to say, 'Ay, ay, our forefathers have said, they who perform penance, are forwarding their own affairs. We have now seen the proof of this with our own eyes. This in truth is the profit which has accrued by the penance continually performed by our Gooroo. A high bred horse, which is worth a hundred or a hundred and fifty pagodas, we purchase and take to him for five.' To which Idiot replied, 'Needs this any reflection? Hast thou not heard the saying—*from pious actions alone proceeds delight, all else is irrelevant and unworthy of praise.* From virtue, not only profit, but pleasure proceeds; except there be (virtue), all else will be misery and disgrace. Did not my father for a long time practise many virtues; and he found his profit and delight in the end, in having me born to him.' To which the other replied, 'Can this be doubted? If you saw a cotton oil tree, will an ebony tree be produced? From good actions, good will proceed, from evil actions, evil.'

"Thus conversing, after they had walked along for a considerable distance, the pumpkin, from striking against the bough of a tree which was bent and hanging down, was dashed out of his hands, and suddenly tumbling upon some shrubs which were spreading in bushes below, cracked and fell to pieces.

"Upon this, a hare which was sitting in the bushes started up and ran away. Taking the alarm, they cried out, 'Behold! the horse's foal which was in the shell has run away;' and followed after to catch and seize it. Running, regardless of hills or dales, or

"The Tamuls reckon thirty-two pious actions, some of which are curious, such as "associating with the female sex, erecting posts for cows to rub themselves against, giving quick lime to be eaten with the betel leaf, paying for the barber to shave another, furnishing a looking glass, burning a corpse," &c. &c.

woods or commons, the clothes which they had on became entangled in the thorny bushes, and were partly torn and partly detained. They continued the pursuit, with their flesh lacerated by the stumps which they trod on, their blood flowing in consequence of the thorns which stuck into them, their bodies all streaming with perspiration, their hearts beating, their two ears closed, puffing and blowing with fatigue, and their bowels jolting; notwithstanding which, the hare was not caught, and they both fell down, wearied out and harassed with fatigue. In the mean time the hare went on, and becoming concealed, so as no longer to be kept in sight, it ran away to a great distance. They too, regardless of their weariness, rose up, and with legs limping and wounded by thorns, stones and stumps, searched in every direction. Journeying in this afflicted condition, they suffered hunger and fasting all that day, and after sunset arrived at the Mattam.

"When they entered in at the gate, they smote their mouths, crying, 'Alas! alas!' and beating themselves, fell down. 'What is it? What is it? What harm has come to you?' demanded the rest; who came, and, taking them by the hand, raised them up. After the two had related in detail all the circumstances that had happened, Blockhead spoke as follows: 'O Sir, since the day that I was born, I never beheld so swift a horse as this: of an ash colour, mixed with black; in form and size like a hare, and a cubit in length. Although a foal still in the nest, it pricked up its two ears, cocked its tail, which rose up the length of two fingers, extended and stretched forth its four legs, and with its heart close to the ground, ran with a swiftness and impetuosity which can neither be expressed nor conceived.'

"Upon this they were all bewailing, when the Gooroo appeasing them, said, 'True, indeed, the five pagodas are gone, but however, it is well that the horse's foal is gone also; if whilst a foal it runs in this manner, when hereafter it shall become full grown, who will be able to ride upon it? I truly am an old man: a horse of this description, my friends, although it were presented to me gratis, I would not accept.'

[The sagacity of the Gooroo and his disciples offers too important an example to mankind, to allow us (patriotic and philanthropic as we are) to abridge the useful lesson too much. We shall therefore reserve the sequel of Noodle's life and adventures till next Saturday.]

"This is the undoubted meaning of the text; but whether violent exertion would produce the effect described, I will not pretend to determine. The effects of violent love on the same organ, as described by Sappho, seem at least equally wonderful, if not quite similar. *Orkney & Zetland, illustrative of the History, Antiquities, Scenery and Customs of those Islands.* By Alex. Peterkin, Esq. Sheriff-substitute of Orkney. Vol. I. 8vo. Edinburgh 1822. Macrae, Skelly & Co.

It is not one of the least remarkable properties of the *Scotch Novels*, that whosoever their actions are laud, they are sure to be followed by numerous illustrations, reprints, revivals and modern instances. To Dr. Hibern's able work on the *Orkney Islands* (which we not long since reviewed with many extracts,) is now added the present volume,

"The Hindoos, in uttering a malediction, unite their hands by interlacing the fingers, and then projecting them forwards produce that sound commonly called cracking the joints. Their imprecations are still further strengthened, as they think, by casting dust at the object of them.

entitled *Notes*, a name modestly as well as appropriately taken for a very miscellaneous compilation, similarly addressed to throw light on the scene of "The Pirate," and only differing from its predecessor in substituting—(we beg the Sheriff's pardon for approaching a pun on the title of so grave an authority)—substituting useful legal and general intelligence for the Doctor's geological and scientific information.

Mr. Peterkin has, it seems, resided seven years in the district, where he fills a situation which is well calculated to furnish to an active and inquisitive mind such original materials as those of which he has availed himself. These, with references to preceding histories, have enabled him to publish the first volume of a work of great local interest, though we fear, upon the whole, of too dry and technical a nature to excite much attention in general readers. It comprises, 1st. An abridged history of Orkney and Zetland, chiefly written to accompany Daniell's *Picturesque Voyage round the British Coasts*; 2d. A Chronicle of events from the period of their annexation to the crown of Scotland in 1468; 3d. A View of their Political State; and, lastly, An Appendix, containing a portion of the correspondence relating to the seizure of Gow (the Pirate) by his false friend Fea, ancient records of the Lawting and other Orkney courts, account of the trial of Patrick Stuart the last Earl, and other curious documents.

Of these, the first Part and the Appendix only, offer us any thing which we can fitly quote in justice to the writer. The other Parts are too complex and special for that purpose, however advantageously they may be studied by the proprietors and people of the country, whose condition, we are sorry to see it shown, owing to legal and other anomalies, is not so good as it ought to be under the British constitution.

We now revert to the more generally interesting parts for the few extracts with which we intend to exemplify this notice. On the Island of Waa, or Walls,

"Hoy-head, or the Keam of Hoy, being the most westerly hill and point of the island, and of great height, is supposed, when viewed from the manse of Stromness, to present a profile of one who may justly be distinguished as the living poet of Scotland,—Sir Walter Scott. I mention this as a proof of the extent to which his name and image have penetrated in the recesses of his native country, and of the impression which has been stamped by his genius on the minds of Scotsmen in every region and in every sphere. The mantle of Burns has descended on him. Like his more humble, but eminently illustrious precursor, he is deeply imbued with the "prophet's fire," which has illustrated the manners and character of his countrymen. His inspired hand has touched the rocks of our native land: a stream has gushed forth; the heart of Scotland is gladdened and refreshed; and all its highest, and deepest, and most patriotic sympathies, have been powerfully awakened by the magical powers of his imagination.

"I cannot omit (adds the author) recording an incident which occurred some years ago amidst the savage scenery of Hoy, and which bears the stamp of corresponding savagism in some of its inhabitants. The particulars are authentically, and even judiciously established. In November 1815, a vessel, named the *Albion* of Blyth, was driven among the

rocks at the Stower, betwixt Rackwick and the Old Man, a complete wreck. Only two of the crew were on board, all the rest having perished at sea. One of the survivors had fastened himself in the rigging, and the other was lying on his back upon the quarter-deck. The latter was alive, but speechless, when two fishermen from Rackwick, who had observed the wreck, descended through a cleft in the rock, and got on board. After plundering what they could conveniently carry from the wreck, they carried the speechless man from it, and laid him on a shelf of the cliff, where they left him, still in life, all night.—a night of November, when the earth was buried in deep snow, when an intense frost prevailed, and when a piercing sea-wind would have chilled to death, on the rocks of Hoy, the most vigorous human being, if exposed in a state of inaction to its power. The rocks above are some hundred feet of perpendicular height; but the natives ascend and descend surprisingly through some crevices and rents; and, after they left the dying man on the bare rock, they dragged up through the chasms an additional visitant, who had got drunk with rum pilfered from the wreck. They also moved up pieces of timber; and there is little doubt, that, if the exhausted mariner had been removed when first discovered, and proper means been employed, his life might have been preserved. On returning next day, he was found dead, as was to be expected, and was covered with a turf on the spot where he had expired. It was only on this occasion that his fellow-sufferer was discovered in the shrouds, breathless, but the warmth of life still in his body. He, too, must have been alive the preceding day; and had not the love of plunder, and the desire to commit unwitnessed deeds, quenched every emotion of humanity, the lives of two human beings might, in all probability, have been saved. His corpse was consigned to the same sod with his ill-fated companion."

A rather indifferent poem is superadded upon this barbarous incident, and towards the conclusion a longer piece, headed Orkney, is inserted among Mr. Peterkin's desultory introductions. In Stromness are the Stones of Stennis, or Stenhouse; and we copy the account of them—

"These are very singular and interesting monuments of antiquity. They cannot, however, be compared to Stonehenge; and, whether they be Druidical or Scandinavian, it is impossible to survey these relics of ancient devotion or superstition, in their present state of neglect, without regret. They consist of two clusters. One of these is a complete circle, 60 fathoms in diameter, including the wide ditch which surrounds the circle of stones, many of which are now thrown down. This circle stands conspicuously on a peninsula, gently elevated on the north side of the Loch of Stennis, and dividing that sheet of water nearly into two equal parts, of five or six miles in extent each. On the southern side of the lake, (which is connected with the opposite promontory by a low mound of stones, having openings for the tide to pass,) there are now only three pillars remaining of what seems to have been another circle, or part of a circle of larger dimensions, and one detached stone at the south end of the bridge of Broigar. Each of the remaining pillars is about 15 feet above ground: one was lately thrown down, but has not been broken; three were, in the month of December 1814, torn

from the spot on which they had stood for ages, and were shivered to pieces. A similar detached pillar, with a hole cut through it, was likewise destroyed at the same time: it stood on the east side of the larger stones, and seems to have been the rude altar to which the victims for sacrifice were bound. In later times it was a consecrated spot for the meeting of lovers; and when they joined hands through the stone, the pledge of love and troth thus given was held as sacred as the solemn vow of marriage, and rarely indeed, if ever, was it violated by the romantic visionaries who resorted to this shrine. This unfortunate act of destruction was thoughtlessly perpetrated by the tenant of the adjacent farm."

Of Kirkwall and its Cathedral ruins, the author gives us a very pleasing description; but we presume that both are too well known to warrant our repetition of his narrative. We therefore pass by the Kirk of St. Magnus; and, from the Appendix, transcribe the following records of judicial proceedings in the Court of the Earl of Orkney, which do not badly display the feelings and manners of the times—

5. August 1602.—One man having gripped half a rig of his neighbour's land, the Judge and Assize fine him for it, and ordains the half land in Skellberry, of the King, kirk, and udel, to be partit be the Fold and sax honest nybors, and ilk owner to be possesst of his awn pairt, according to the use of nybhorheid.

3. July 1602.—[*Petty Crimes*.] Laurence Still is tryt to have disobeyt the Fold's doome for certain debt restand to him, thairfore is decernit to pay an durina, under the pain of poynding.

16. July 1602.—It is tryt and provin, that David Foulisdall hes disobeyt the Fold in detaining ane servant quhilk he was decernit to leife, and keeping him all the winter thairafter; decernis him to pay 1 mark ilk nicht the tyme he detainit him, under the pain of poynding.

23. July 1602.—It is tryt that Gregorius Thomasson brak the arrestment maid be the Fold of Zell upon certain corns; thairfor is decernit to pay the sume of 10 lbs.

5. August 1602.—James Barnetson and Adam Cromartie, bairn proven in the Foldis bulks to have disobeyt to gang to my Lord's wark in Scalloway, as they were decernit; thairfor ilk ane of thame ar decernit to pay for disobedience 40 sh.

21. June 1603.—Ingager in Leadis is tryt to have steitit the deid unburyt, and thairfor is decernit to pay 40 sh. under the pain of poynding; and ordains the hail commons within the yle of Yell to burie thair deid how shone any sall happin to die, without any delay or impediment, ilk person under the pain of 40 sh. and ratifies and appreis the decretis and doomes pronouncit and maid heiravant in all poynts.

5. July 1604.—Magnus Erasmussoun, for bein fow and drunken, contrair and agains the actis maid thairavant of befor, and for bleiding himself be his drunkenness beneath the ene; thairfor is decernit to pay for his fowness 10 lbs. and for his bluid beneath the ene 4 markis, in exempl of uthers.

10. July 1602.—[*Crimes Capital, viz. Theft*.] Aneit the accusation of Margaret Peter's dochter, for the theftous steilling of an sheip of hir nybors, having na sheip of hir awn, comperit the said Margaret in judgment, and confest the stowth of the said sheip, not knowing quha aucht the samen, confessing the samen to be done in plain hunger and necessitie; quhilk being considerit be the Assise, and trying this to be the first fault, decernis her hail guids, and gere, and landis, gif any be, to be escheit, and himself to be banist the countrie within the space of an monet, at the least in the first passage; and gif she beis apprehendit with the valor of ane virt-

thist heirafter, to be tane and drownit to the daith, in the exampill of uthuris.

Ancient the accusations of Olaw Mawnsoun, for the theifous steilling of ane sheip of his motheris, quhilk was ransellit, and found with him, quha being accusit thairfor in judgement, could not deny the samen; yet not the less the Assye takand consideration thairinto, and finding the samen to be the first fait, decernis his and his wyffs hail guids and gere and landis to be escheat, and themselves to be banicst the countrie within the space of an monet, at the leist in the first passage, and gif that he apprehendit in the walor of an viris-thift heirafter, to be tane an put to the daith, in exampill of uthuris.

21. July 1602.—It is tryit and provin be certain Ranselmen, that Intale Automissounstain in Seter has stown certain fische out of the skoes of St Magnus parochin, and thir fische found in his house under the nyhbor's markis; and thairfor his hail guids and gere decernit escheit, and gif he beis apprehendit with the walor of an uris-thift heirafter, to be tane and hangit be the craige quhill he die, in exampill of uthuris.

23. Ditto.—In a case of repeated theft.—The Assie (alone) finding the points of ditty for the maist part hailly provin, and trying also (the criminal) to have been a notorious thief thir many yeirs of befor; thairfor that all in one vote decernis his landis, guids, and gere to be escheit, and himself to be tane to the Gallow-hill, and thair to be hangit be the craige whill he die, in exampill of uthuris.

5. July 1604.—It is statut and ordainit that nape within the parochin (of Aithsting and Sandsting in Waies) sell ony of their oxin to Duchmen, stranger, or uthers out of the countrie, fra this furthe, ilk persoun under the pain of 40 libis. toties quocies.

It appears from other entries that confiscation of property was also the penalty of suicide; but with these already given we must conclude.

The population of Orkney and Zetland was, in 1801, 46,824; in 1811, it had decreased to 46,155; and by the last returns, in 1821, had risen to 52,124.

We have only to add, that Mr. Peterkin's style is straight-forward enough, but infected with those terrible law phrases and desperate Scotticisms which were to be expected from a worthy Sheriff-substitute.

HEBREW LITERATURE.

An Easy Method of acquiring the Reading of Hebrew with the Vowel Points according to the Ancient Practice. By an Experienced Teacher. Printed on a Folio page.

This elegantly printed Tabular Grammar, divided into Three Lessons, and presenting the learner with the Alphabet in the Sacred, the Rabbinical, and the German Hebrew characters, cannot fail to have a place among the numerous manual forms of instruction already extant, and to possess a share of praise due to individual industry and public convenience. The small price of the piece will recommend it among beginners, and especially those students of the Jewish pronunciation, as a useful compendium of the elements of Hebrew. The third Lesson is exactly on the Jewish plan, with the vowels pronounced after their manner. How far this is useful or necessary for Christian instruction we will not say; but it is professedly done upon a system long in practice among the Jews; and those who prefer their method to that of Masclif, Parkhurst, and other grammarians, may herein find their expectation answered. With respect to the Hebrew pronunciation, we believe there are

at least three systems in use: First, that of the Jews, which has also its variations according to the dialect of the different countries where the descendants of that people are settled, as the German, Dutch, French, Italian, Polish, Turkish, &c. Secondly; that of the Ancient Translations of the Hebrew Bible in Greek and Latin, as well as of almost all the Translations of the Bible in the European languages, which reject the Jewish pronunciation in the guttural and nasal letters, and do by no means bind themselves to it in the rendering of proper names of persons, places, and things recorded in the Old Testament. The third system is that adopted by Masclif, Parkhurst, and some other moderns, who reject the vowel points altogether; and which, if a system at all, we cannot but consider to be a bad one, as it promotes a wild unprincipled method of reading Hebrew, which no scholar can approve or commend.

An Outline of Hebrew Grammar.

This Sheet appears to be an exemplary prospectus of a new Hebrew Grammar and a Lexicon, by Dr. Reid of Glasgow. Though printed at the University Press, we shall forbear from offering any detailed remarks on the work. The very translation which accompanies the text is too erroneous to allow of its being admitted into the rank of Hebrew literature. This author does not seem to know the laws of poetical construction in mingling the preterites with futures, or vice versa, and their resolutions in the present tense.

Vide Psalm 2d. For why do the nations rage; and the people shall meditate vainly. Here in the first place he turns the preterite into a present tense, contrary to his own rule. Our public translation says rightly: "Why do the heathen rage; and the people imagine a vain thing?"—the preterite and future being resolved into the present tense.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

AFRICA.

THE latest accounts from M. Caillaud, travelling in Abyssinia, &c. have been published by M. Jomard in the *Revue Encyclopedique*, of which the Number to August has been forwarded to us from Paris. From these letters we abridge the most interesting intelligence. From Sennâr, under date of November 1831, it is announced, that after five months' tiresome residence, the travellers were about to depart for Fazoële. During this rainy period, M. C. states, "I have collected all the information I could possibly obtain respecting this country and the surrounding kingdoms, and also respecting the chronology of the kings of Sennâr for more than these three centuries, and that of the kings of Chendy. I have finished a part of my drawings, and we have made a collection of birds and plants. For these three months past my companion and myself have been obliged to take care of our domestics, on account of the great number of sick. An epidemic fever makes great ravages in the army; several Europeans and physicians of the Prince have been the victims. M. Frediani, in a fit of delirium, has burnt almost all his papers, the fruits of eighteen months' labours; he then became so raving mad, that it was necessary to confine him, and at this moment we despair of his life. The fine winter season which is now setting in, inspires us with the hope of a suc-

cessful journey, which will occupy three or four months."

The next letter is from Fazoële, of the 18th February 1832, on which day M. C. was to set out on his return to Sennâr and Egypt. He says, "The circumstances of the war would not permit us to take a route to the west, and the great quantity of antiquities at Wetbaet-naga, Meroë, Barkal, and Napata, obliges me to return by that way; thence I hope, if time will permit, to pass by way of the ancient country of the Troglodytes, to the banks of the Red Sea, and thence to Berenice and Assouân."

"On leaving Sennâr with Ismael Pasha, we at first followed the course of the Nile. Passing the boundaries of Sennâr, we entered the kingdom of Bertot, bounded on the east by the Nile, on the west by the great province of Bouroun, and on the south by Darfoke, the province above. We found in the interior pagan people. The Prince had to combat them; their country being mountainous and woody, the ways almost impassable, and frequented only by wild beasts, Ismael has not been able to bring away as many men captive as he wished. These pagans inhabit above three hundred mountains. It is not a little remarkable that the names of ninety-nine of these mountains begin with Fa; thus, *Fazoële, Fomaka, Feha, Fekoun, &c.*

"After above a month's voyage from Sennâr, we arrived on the Nile at Fazoële. The Mussulman chiefs of that province treated with the Prince, and paid him a tribute. Thence we set out for the interior, having constantly the pagans to contend with, and arrived in the province of Gamamil, in which are the ariferous sands, from which these people obtain gold. The soil is alluvial; the gold is in small grains (*en paillettes et pepites*) in argillaceous earths and feruginous sand. Every thing here is marked with oxyd of iron. I washed, and caused to be washed, a great

* The brother Pashas, Ibrahim and Ismael, continued the campaign and their kindness to the foreigners.

+ Of all the countries mentioned in his letters, (doubtless the smallest part of those he has visited,) we were hardly acquainted with one or two. *Fazoële* was placed much too near to Sennâr, from which it is divided by two kingdoms. The country of the *Chelouks*, a pagan people, on the contrary, must be placed two degrees lower. The countries of *Dinka, Darfoke, and Gamamil*, the kingdoms of *Bouroun* and *Bertot*, will enrich this part of our maps, most of which, (and these were the best,) were absolutely void; while others, on the contrary, displayed an abundance which was but too auspicious. The return by water from Fazoële to Sennâr, in ten days, on board a light bark with sixteen rowers, implies a navigation of 100 leagues at the least: the Bahrelazrak must therefore have great sinuosities to the south of Sennâr. We shall also be acquainted with the existence and part of the course of three great rivers, the *Toumat, the Tabouar, and the Goloa*, which fall into the Nile in these high latitudes.—*Jomard.*

‡ Returning to the ruins of Soba, Assour, and Barkal, our traveller will complete his discoveries of antiquities. He will fix the true position of the Nile, in an important part of its course, which has never been well known, that is, between Dongola and Berber. It is there that a great cataract is met with, which extends over a space of forty-five leagues.—*Jomard.*

* In several maps of Abyssinia, the kingdom of Fazoële is called *Fasuelo*, the *s* in Fazoële being changed into *c*. This error is continually copied from one map into another.

quantity of these sands; they yield only from six to eight grains of gold in a quintal.

"We quitted this province, the last in the south of Bertot; and entering Dar-foke, we arrived at Singué, a village partly inhabited by Mussulmen. We were then at 10° of latitude; five days' journey from the confines of Abyssinia. Here the Prince fixed the limits of his conquests, and we returned to Fazoile.

"In the kingdom of Bertot we several times passed the *Toumât*, a river two hundred paces in breadth; it flows from Abyssinia, and empties itself into the Nile. There is no river of the name of Maleg, which has been laid down in several maps as falling into the White River: it is doubtless the *Toumât* which was intended. There is another larger river, called the *Labaux*, which also comes from Abyssinia, and falls into the Nile two days' journey and a half to the south of Fazoile. This river is said to be frequented throughout the year by crocodiles and hippopotamuses. On the east bank of the Nile is another smaller river, called *Esen-Golago*, which falls into the Dender. Several others empty themselves into the *Toumât*.

"I have collected all the observations possible on the customs and the religion of these pagan people; many of whose usages are derived from the ancient Egyptians. I have written an account of all the military occurrences. I am the only European who has proceeded as far as Singué. The expedition of Ismael Pacha is drawing to a conclusion, the lowness of the water not permitting him to undertake any thing on the side of the White River. The accounts which I have received of the course of this river would induce a belief that it communicates with the Niger; but they are too uncertain to allow any conclusion to be drawn from them."

"On the east part of the river is the great province of Dinka, inhabited by pagans, bounded on the east by that of Bouroun, where there are Mussulmen and pagans, and to the west of the river by the Kourt-Sâl; by Gebel Nohs to the north, and to the south again by pagans. This river deviates much more to the west, at the latitude of 10° and 11°, than it is marked on any map.

"The Denderdar bey has long since subdued the Kourt-Sâl, where he remains till the rainy season, to march afterwards to Dar-four.

"Ismael Pacha has displayed, especially in his last expedition, much ability, perseverance, and intrepidity. In spite of the incredible difficulties of conveying artillery upon the backs of camels through thick forests, a multitude of torrents, mountains, and almost impassable roads, he nevertheless continued his enterprise;—many others in his place would have abandoned it. In less than two years he has vanquished a great number of people and tribes, conquered many provinces and several kingdoms."

Souda, February 27, 1832.

"We have arrived in this town to-day; in three days, at the farthest, we shall leave it for Halfaye and Wetbait-Naga. The Prince

"If we must renounce the hope of obtaining, by means of our countryman, direct information respecting the presumed source of the White River, we are, however, in some degree, indemnified, since he reached the 10th degree of latitude, near five hundred leagues from the last entrance, and as he seems frequently to have travelled in the proximity of this river. Singué is situated a hundred and sixty leagues above the conflux of the two branches of the Nile. — *Jomars.*

gave us a boat (*Congo*,) with sixteen rowers, to come from Fazoile hither. This is the reason we have come so quickly."

M. Caillaud's orthography of proper names has been scrupulously preserved.—We observe in passages (not quoted) a great jealousy of Mr. Salt.—*Ed.*

THE MERMAID.

We are indebted to the Master of one of His Majesty's ships of war for the Drawing of the Mermaid, as exhibited at Cape Town, whence the annexed Wood-cut is taken. Our readers are aware of our scepticism upon this subject; but at any rate it is a curious point in natural history to have the picture of whatever has been brought forward as a proof of the existence of this disputed creature; and we certainly feel infinitely indebted to the kindness which has enabled us to present this Print from the testimony of an eye-witness, whose situation (though perhaps not a sufficient naturalist to detect a nice imposture) places him above the suspicion of either ignorant credulity or erroneous representation. The account given of this extraordinary animal by its captors is, that it was caught on the coast of Japan; and our Correspondent mentions that its face is frightfully distorted, as if it had died in excruciating pain.



The Mermaid.—Sir: As you have taken some notice of this much-agitated subject, you may, perhaps, find a corner in your paper for the insertion of the following little passage, which I have extracted from "worthy Master Peacham's." "Complaisant Gentleman," and which will probably gratify some, if not every, reader of your's, who is, like myself,

A Lover of Curiosities.

"Excellent is that contemplation, to consider how nature, (rather the Almighty Wisdome,) by an unsearchable and stupendous work, sheweth us in the sea the likeness and shapes, not only of land-creatures, as elephants, horses, dogs, hogs, calves, hares, snails, &c. but of fowls in the ayr—as hawks, swallows, vultures, and a number the like; yea, it affordeth us men and women; and among men, even the monk: but hereof see *Junius* in his *Betavia*; and, if you please, *Alex. ab Alexandro*, with some others."—To which is appended the marginal note:—"At *Swartwaale*, near *Brill*, in *Holland*, is to be seen a mermaid's dead body hanging up."—pp. 68 & 69. Edit. 1661.

Since we prepared the above notice, its subject, the Mermaid, has arrived in London; and we rejoice that the public will have an opportunity of forming a judgment upon it. Immediately on being passed at the Custom-house, it is, we are informed, to be shown to His Majesty, and afterwards exhibited. From an inspection, it may be added to the preceding particulars and print, that the length is two feet ten inches; that the lower extremity resembles the salmon, with the tail rather more curved up than in our sketch, and the fins more natural than our Engraver has represented them; that the upper half is like the *Ourang Outang*; and that the proprietor paid five thousand dollars for his "beautiful Maid" in India.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

POETICAL SKETCHES.

Third Series.—Sketch the Fourth.

THE CASTILIAN NUPTIALS.

And days fled by,
A cloud came o'er my destiny,
The dream of passion soon was past,
A summer's day may never last—
Yes, every feeling then knew change,
One only hope was left—revenge.
He wedded with another—fears
Are very vain, and as for fears
I know them not—I deeply swore
No lip should sigh where mine before
Had sealed its vow, no heart should rest
Upon the bosom mine had prest.
Life had no ill I would not brave
To claim him, even in the grave!

Fair is the form that in yon orange bower,
Like a lone spirit, bends beside the lamp,
Whose silver light is flung o'er clustering roses,
And myrtle with pearl buds and emerald leaves;
Green moss and azure violets have formed
The floor, and fragrant bloom the canopy,
And perfumed shrubs the pillars, round whose stems
The vine has crept, and mixed its purple fruit
Amid the rich-hued blossoms; citron trees,
And beds of hyacinths, have sent their sweets
Upon the odorous dew of the night gale,
Which, playing with the trembling lamp, flings round
A changeful light—now glancing on the flowers,
And brightening every hue—now lost in shade.
Look out upon the night! There is no star
In beauty visible—the Moon is still
Sojourning in her shadowy hall—the clouds
Are thickening round; but though the tempest's
Will herald in the morning, all is still,
And calm, and soothing now,—no rougher sounds
Than the low murmur of the mountain rill,
And the sweet music of the nightingale,
Are on the air. But a far darker storm
The tempest of the heart, the evil war
Of fiery passions, is fast gathering
O'er that bright creature's head, whose fairy bow

And fairy shape breathe but of happiness.
She is most beautiful! The richest tint
That e'er with roselight dyed a summer cloud,
Were pale beside her cheek; her raven hair
Falls even to her feet, though fastened up
In many a curl and braid with hands of pearl;
And that white bosom and those rounded arms
Are perfect as a statue's, when the skill
Of some fine touch has moulded it to beauty.
Yet there are tears within those radiant eyes,
And that fair brow is troubled! She is young;
But her heart's youth is gone, and innocence
And peace, and soft and gentle thoughts, have fled
A breast, the sanctuary of unhalloved fires,
That love has led to guilt. At each light stir
Of but a waving branch, a falling leaf,
A deeper crimson burnt upon her cheek,
Each pulse beat eagerly, for every sound
To her was FERNAND's step, and then she sank
Palid and tearful, with that sickening throb
Of sadness only love and fear can know.
The night passed on—she touched the silver chords,
And answered with her voice her lone guitar.
It pleased her for a while—it soothes the soul
To pour its thoughts in melancholy words,
And if aught can charm sorrow, music can.
The song she chose was one her youth had loved,
Ere yet she knew the bitterness of grief,
But thought those tears luxury :-

Oh take that starry wreath away,
Fling not those roses o'er my lute!
The brow that thou wouldst crown is pale,
The chords thou wouldst awaken mute.
Look on those broken gems that lie
Beside those flowers, withering there;
Those leaves were blooming round my lute,
Those gems were bright amid my hair.
And they may be a sign to tell
Of all the ruin love will make:
He comes in beauty, and then leaves
The hope to fade, the heart to break!

The song died in low sobs. "I ever felt
That it would come to this,—that I should be
Forsaken and forgotten! I would give
Life, more than life, those precious memories
Of happiness and FERNAND! I'd forget
That I have been beloved, all I have known
Of rapture, all the dreams that long have been
My sole existence, but to feel again
As I felt ere I loved—ere I had given
My every hope as passion's sacrifice."
Her face was hidden in her hands; but tears
Trickled through her slight fingers—tears, those late
Vain tributes to remorse! At length she rose,
And paced with eager steps her reeking bower,
Then trimmed her lamp, and gathered flowers and
leaves, (fully)
Twined them in wreaths, and placed them grace-
Then felt the vanity of all her care,
And scattered them around. The morning broke,
And hastily she left the shade, to hide
From all her anxious heart—her misery!
That day she knew her fate—heard that FERNAND
Was now betrothed to the high-born BLANCHE.
HERMIONE wept not, although her heart
Swelled aghast to bursting; but she hid her thoughts.
Next morning she was gone!
The palace was all lustre, like a dome,
A fairy dome; the roofs were all one blaze
With lamp and chandelier; the mirrors shone
Like dreams of light, and, waving gracefully,
The purple draperies hung festooned with wreaths,
That shed their incense round. Hall after hall
Opened in some new splendour. Proud the feast
The Duke to-night gave for his peerless child,
And Castle's nobles are all met to greet
BLANCHE and her gallant lover: princely forms,
And ladies beautiful, whose footsteps fell

Soft as the music which they echoed; light,
And melody, and perfume, and sweet shapes,
Mingled together like a glorious dream.—
HERMIONE is there! She has forsaken
Her woman's garb, her long dark tresses float
Like weeds upon the Tagus, and no one
Can in that pale and melancholy boy
Recall the lovely woman. All in vain
She looked for him she sought; but when one past
With raven hair and tall, her heart beat high—
Then sank again, when her so eager glance
Fell on a stranger's face. At length she reached
A stately room, richer than all the rest,
For there were loveliest things, though not of life:
Canvas, to which the painter's soul had given
A heaven of beauty; and statues, which were touched
With art so exquisite, the marble seemed
Animate with emotion. It is strange,
Amid its deepest feelings, how the soul
Will cling to outward images, as thus
It could forget its sickness! There she gazed,
And envied the sad smile, the patient look,
Of a pale Magdalen: it told of grief,
But grief long since subdued. Half curtained round
By vases filled with fragrant shrubs, were shapes
Of Grecian deities and nymphs: she drew
Sad parallels with her of Crete, who wept
O'er her Athenian lover's perjury.
She left the hall of paintings, and pursued
A corridor which opened to the air,
And entered in the garden: there awhile,
Beneath the shadow of a cypress tree,
She breathed the cooling gale. Amid the shade
Of those bright groves were ladies lingering,
Who listened to most gentle things, and then
Blushed like the roses near them; and light groups
Of gladsome dancers, gliding o'er the turf,
Like elfin revelling by the moonlight.
She looked up to the lovely face of heaven:—
It was unclouded, and the rolling moon
Past o'er the deep blue sky like happiness,
Leaving a trace of light; she gazed around,
And all was fair and gaily beautiful.—
There was no gloom but that within her heart,
Ah, this is very loneliness to feel
So wholly destitute, without one thing
That has a portion in our wretchedness:
Then two came by—that voice to her was death—
It was her false FERNAND's! A lovely girl
Hung on his arm, so soft, so delicate,
It seemed a breath might sweep her from the earth;
And FERNAND bent with so much tenderness
To catch the music of the timid voice,
Which dared not breathe its love-vow audibly.
HERMIONE rushed thence, as if her step
Had been upon the serpent's lair. That night
She brooded o'er her wrongs, and bitterly
Prayed for revenge!—And this is Woman's fate:
All her affections are called into life
By winning flatteries, and then thrown back
Upon themselves to perish, and her heart,
Her trusting heart, filled with weak tenderness,
Is left to bleed or break! —
The marriage feast was spread, the guests were round,
The halls were filled with mirth, and light, and song.
High o'er the rest the youthful pair were placed,
Beneath a canopy of fretted gold
And royal purple. With a shout they drank
Health and long blessedness to the fair bride!
And FERNAND called for wine, to pledge them back
His thanks. A slender Page approached, and held
The golden cup;—There is a marble look
In the dark countenance of that pale boy
Ill suiting one so youthful. FERNAND drained
The liquor to the dregs; yet while he drank
He felt the eagle glance of that strange Page
Fix on him like a spell. With a wild laugh
Of fearlessunting, he took back the cup—
That laugh rang like a demon's curse! The sounds

Of revelry one moment paused—they heard
Muttered the words: "Vengeance!" "HERMIONE!"
BLANCHE broke the silence by her shriek—FER-
NAND
Had fallen from his seat, his face was black
With inward agony—that draught bore fate!
That Page had poisoned him!—In dread they turned
To where the murderer was: she had not moved,
But stood with fixed eyes; the clouds of death
Were on her face—she too had pledged that cup!
A. E. L.

ON AN OLD PORTMANTEAU.

What! because thy form appears
Like mine, a little worse for years,
Shall scorn await thy latter end?
No! once again, my leathern friend,
We'll pack together as of yore,
And try at least one journey more;
But fear it will not hold the measure
Of other days' ecstatic pleasure,
When all felt now upon the night,
And almost reached unmix'd delight,
It cannot be;—but, come what may,
We'll take it as a holiday,
And try the temper of our strength,
And run of life another length,
Compare the present with the past,
And see how long we yet may last. D.

BIOGRAPHY.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LATE MR. MITAN.
DIED at his house in Warren-street, Fitzroy-square, London, Aug. 8, 1833, JAMES MITAN, a line-engraver of considerable celebrity. He was born in London, Feb. 13, 1776, and the rudiments of education were taught by his father, until his tenth year, when he was placed at Mr. King's Academy, Soho. Here he continued two years, and then received further instructions at home. In 1790 he was articled to Mr. Vincent, a writing engraver; but soon becoming tired of the monotony of A, B, C, and stimulated by the excellence of the productions of Mr. Sharp, who was a contemporary apprentice with Mr. Vincent to an heraldic engraver, he resolved to direct his efforts to the attainment of historical engraving, and was much indebted for instruction in drawing to Mr. Agar, then a pupil of Mr. Cheeseman's. Having entered himself as a student of the Royal Academy, Somerset House, he commenced copying the tickets of Bartolozzi, &c. which became to him a source of improvement as well as of emolument. His articles expiring June 7, 1797, his time became principally devoted to the assistance of those who possessed either established reputation or extensive connexions; hence the prints that are known to be his engraving are but few in comparison with the works of some modern engravers. In the year 1818 he cultivated architectural design. His first production was an idea for a chain-bridge over the Mersey at Runcorn, eighteen feet in length, and drawn with elaborate minuteness. He next made a design for a Monument to commemorate the victory of Waterloo, four feet five by five, which nearly employed his time for three months, during which he rose at three or four o'clock every morning: this Drawing was exhibited at the Royal Academy. He also engraved many plates, after his own designs, for the Admiralty, the Freemasons' Society, &c. These exertions evidently endangered his health, which was much renovated by riding on horseback; but applying afterwards with his usual intensity, it brought on, ultimately, a paralytic affec-

tion, which terminated his career, leaving a wife and family to regret his irreparable loss, and robbing the arts of an excellent and modest professor. He was never heard to speak of his own works but with great humility; but he was amply repaid for this diffidence by the unextorted praises of the professors of art, all of whom were anxious to possess his works for the embellishment of their portfolios. His manners were mild and polite, and he was ever anxious to encourage genius wherever he found it. His principal productions are engravings for Mrs. Luchford's Theatre; some of Stothard's Vignettes to the Irish Melodies; of Smirke's Designs for Don Quixote; Gerard Dow's Musician; Leslie's Anne Page; Interior of Worcester Cathedral; many plates to Mr. Dibdin's Bibliographical Tour; and lastly, a delightful gem, after Paterberg, of the Masquerade Ball for Lord Spencer's Althorpeans—works which will immortalize him, and place his fame with the Woollets, the Byrnes, and those celebrated engravers of the English school whose talents are equal to those of any foreign professor. Among the pupils who owe some share of their celebrity to Mr. MITAN, may be mentioned his brother, the engraver of Mr. Barry's Views in France, &c.; the two Rindoes; a son of Mr. Freehairn's, the late landscape painter; and other artists distinguished in this branch of the profession.

J. C.

WINE AND WALNUTS;

AFTER-DINNER CHIT-CHAT.

By a *Charming Gentleman*.—Chap. XIII.

CARICATURE.

"Docthor," said the Counsellor, "have you, in your morning rambles, fallen in with a French caricature-shop situated in a short street leading from Princes-street into Leicester-fields?"

"Leicester-square, Sir," said the Doctor, "Thank you, Docthor, I stand corrected." "Prison me, Counsellor, you sit corrected."

"Thank you, Docthor, for that too—a mere figure of speech—and you know we Irishmen are full of figures and metaphors, and paraphrases and—"

"Nay, nay, worthy friend, then you are the less dull, and I know not why I should interrupt you by such nonsensical remarks, unless, indeed, it was to show you how tenacious my memory is of trifles—and moreover to indulge a little variety, in exhibiting my local knowledge of a place I so seldom visit."

"That is often the case, though, worthy Docthor; we not infrequently find out what has been doing whilst at home, under our very noses, only by going abroad. But I too am tenacious, as you may perceive, by using the old title, Leicester-fields. Yes, then, there is a caricature-shop that was, in now Cambridge-street; and the opposite outlet from the Fields—the Avenue I should say—that I believe, under a prominent, but mistaken, sign, is a very one; and Sydney-street always. But to return, what little short street can I mean? There, that which brought you right up to the Golden Head—poor Hogarth's sign."

"O, then I can tell," said the Doctor—"It is Spurr-street; I remember it by this

token, being that it was so common a theme for bon-mots and puns, when the idlers of that day used to look in upon the humorous painter. Hogarth had, among his other whimsies, a little book, in which he noted all the good things, and all the bad things, that had been said on the *spur* of the occasion. To be sure there was such a dry waggishness about the rogue—for when some *would-be-wit* came piping-hot with a premeditated play upon the word *spur*, the painter would coolly take his memoranda, and turning the leaves, observe, 'This sage remark is already recorded in page thirty-five.' I remember Mrs. Lewis telling me, that Mister Alderman Sawbridge was so highly offended on some such an occurrence, that he walked off in a huff, and that Hogarth laughed so loud at his worship, that you might have heard him all the way across to Saville House. But it did not end here, for Hogarth ran to the front first floor, threw up the sash-window, and as the Alderman mounted his horse—it was too abominable to be sure, as his groom was behind—the mad painter called out, 'That's right, Alderman—a *spur* in the heel is worth two in the head!'—thus wittily reversing the adage. 'Poor dear Mister Hogarth, (added the good Lady) it was just like him, as Mister Boydell says—Mister Alderman Boydell, Sir—and he knew my dear brother-in-law well—Yes, the worthy Alderman, who is a kind, good friend to me, says, 'Aye, aye, that was just for all the world like unto Hogarth, Mistress Lewis; he would rather lose a customer than lose his joke—ha—ha—hee—hee!'—Mistress Lewis—Just like him—as like as two peas!"

"Is it not strange that some men have so marked a talent for discovering absurdity of conduct at the first glance—a sort of ready faculty for railleury—and yet men without education, or the advantage of polite converse with others who know the world—I cannot comprehend this!"

"Why, Docthor, if I might venture the remark, that observation of your's savours of the pride of the schools. Look at the lowest of my strange countrymen—Sir, no educated wit, no college, no university wit, can compete with their's. And yet where—alas! I say it—where will you find a more unfettered herd? Sir, a man must be born with the faculty. Look at your Shakespeare—Yes, and your commentators—your deeply-read commentators, discovered that he was not learned!—ha—ha—ha!—a notable discovery, sure!"

"That was well said by my Lord Shaftesbury—yes, I think it was him. Wit, for all your schoolmen, can accomplish more than gravity, (meaning dry learning). There are certain pedants, look you, who fancy they can rally with a good grace, and with humour to boot! There cannot be a more preposterous sight than an erudite and a merry-andrew acting their parts upon the same stage; yet this is the real picture of certain ponderous writers, who write and write, and yet wonder people are not moved by their wit! No, no, Docthor, it will never do. Dulness, says, mine author, is a millstone sufficient, sure, to sink any book. The temper of a pedagogue suits not with our age; and the world, however, it may be taught, will no longer be tutored."

"But let me ask—not that I differ from you, my worthy Counsellor," said the Doctor—"let me ask, are you, upon the whole, an

advocate for that spirit of ridicule which seems so much the fashion now-a-day?"

"Why, Docthor, no, not altogether, as it is made a matter of dirty traffic—an effort of talent without principle. Yet in a free country like this, I think mine author is pretty near the mark, when he maintains, that ridicule is the surest test of truth and real worth, because it will never hold where it is not just; for instead of wounding the object, it recoils upon the author. Wit and humour can only discover and display ridicule, but cannot create it. If the clothes do not fit, sure the tailor, and not the wearer, is blamed."

"Now Shakespeare and Hogarth were heaven-born geniuses, in spite of all rule. And I would like to know who made rules for Homer—Mister Aristotle, belike, who lived five hundred years after him."

"Shakespeare had a creative genius, and Hogarth had a creative genius;—they imagined what others had not thought of before. And then come your critics to deplore that these original thinkers were not educated in the schools."

"Did it ever enter the mind of any wag but Will Hogarth to paint a pun? Foote, the drollest dog that ever lived, did he not whistle a pun? Wit and humour with such must be inherent. But what I was about to enquire was, have you seen the French Caricatures exhibited in the shop-front there in Spurr-street?"

"No, I have not; but I am told that they have touched off the foibles of some of our countrymen with great spirit and humour; which surprises me; for all the attempts of that kind that I used to see were mere unmeaning burlesques—totally devoid of that wit for which our native caricaturists have justly been so famed."

"Foibles is it you call them? Indeed, Docthor, and they have touched off some of the Tom-fooleries of our countrymen with a vengeance—or more properly speaking, as an Irishman, my fellow-subjects—the more's the shame; and I wish the ridicule could be felt. But alas!" shrugging his shoulders, "some heads are impenetrable!"

"Who but Frenchmen, I would beg to know, pocketing ten or fifteen millions annually of ready money out of the purses of insatiate foreign visitors, would have the audacity to insult these very visitors, by whom they get their bread!—none but Frenchmen, who have the native faculty for reading fool in every fool's face, in whatever garb or guise. And who but Englishmen would be so stark blind as not to discover that the finger of foreign scorn was thus pointed at their native stupidity!"

"Contempt and ridicule, says mine author, are near akin, with this difference only, that a man may be very contemptible without being ridiculous, but cannot be very ridiculous without being contemptible. Now it is plain that a Frenchman must consider John Bull in Paris both contemptible and ridiculous, or he would not have ventured thus to make a butt of his worship, and continue so to do, which he does with impunity."

"Ah, Docthor, the tables are strangely turned. Time was, when the patriotic artist of whom we have been speaking, on that very spot designed his Gates of Calais, from which the loyal Danes Garrick penned that famed national cantata, *The English Road-Boys*; and now, within half a dozen doors of the same Golden Head there in Spurr-street, comes some impudent foreigner, who opens a public

shop for the importation of a new manufacture, woven out of English idiosyncrasy, at the expense of Mister and Mistress Bull!

"Poor Hogarth! how would his English spirit groan at this! And then across the way there, I am reminded of another clever, loyal spirit, honest Charles Dibdin, sure, and he would have given us a ballad in ridicule of this modern folly. Then there was another, and he is gone—Master Gillray. Poor Gillray, would he not have given these impudent Parisians a Rowland for their Oliver? Yes, Master Gill would have taken up the cudgels, and drubbed them for their national impudence, and the others for their national stupidity—the ex-patriate English asses! Yes, Sirs, there is no end to these blind fooleries. Upon my conscience it was but lately I saw a man, who I thought had known better—certainly his father before him had better feeling, though he was a sensible man and no scholar, and this gentleman is a scholar, as I told him, but without a grain of sense. 'Sirs,' said he, 'every thing is wrong: the nobility are beggared; the trader and manufacturer are not a whit better; and as for your farmers, they are going fast to wreck and ruin.'

"That is an evil picture of the times, said I. Now this gentleman got his money by a manufactory established by the good old man his father.—And how comes all this evil about, think you, Sir? said I.

"Why, first, Sir," said he, the murmurer, "all the ready money is spent by our base nobles and gentry on the Continent!"

"Well, well, said I, you have to thank God for a good provision. And how is that promising youth of your's, Master Gregory?—He is a fine boy, Sir.

"Why yes, Sir, he was well when last I heard—I left him at Brussels."

"At Brussels—say you so!

"Yes, I left him there for his education!"

"Thus it is," observed the Doctor—"every man can see the mote in his neighbour's eye, but cannot discover the beam in his own."

"Yes, Doctor, as you say, thus it is, and thus it will continue, no doubt. Now this is a delicate hit at a common human frailty—a scriptural bit. Men are constantly marvelling at the little faults and trifling follies of others, whilst their own great errors and glaring absurdities are borne about by themselves, unheeded and unseen. Talking of caricatures and burlesques, that very admirable remonstrance, I think, afforded an instance of pictorial absurdity beyond any I know. It occurs in the graphic illustrations of one of the old Bibles, and which shows, by the way, how guardful publishers should be against bringing out such vile illustrations of so sacred a book. Have you an idea of the plate to which I allude?"

"I have, Sir; I think it occurs in a folio copy, an abridgment by Blome—a book, I verily think, more prolific of prints in a bad taste than any work I remember to have seen; and what is more strange, this strange collection of designs was raised by the first people in the land contributing the plates. Surely if any thing were wanting to prove that painting and engraving had degenerated to the very bathos of art in the reign of George the First, this illustrated Bible might be brought by way of illustration. It would alone, methinks, be evidence sufficient to establish that deplorable fact. Yes, Counsellor, the subject furnished that droll creature Captain Grose with something by way

of illustration in his Essay on Comic Painting.—But I forget what he says. Can you recollect?"

"Why I think I can—Let me see, it is from the seventh chapter of St. Matthew. Indeed I am almost ashamed to quote the sacred text on such an occasion; but as a matter of disquisition touching a philosophical inquiry, tending to show how much, in these matters at least, we have improved in the course of one century, I may venture. The print in question follows, 'And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?' Now how absurd to attempt to personify this figurative sentiment! How has the artist, if such he might be called, set about it? Why the state of these two men is thus delineated: one of them has in his eye a complete castle, with a moat and drawbridge, whilst from the other issues a beam like the girder of a house. Now was not the facetious Captain in the right? for *certainly*, if a man had laboured to strike out a notable example of the burlesque, could he have succeeded half so well as this stupid Mister Freeman, in his grave attempt to paint this as an historical picture!"

"I have pondered many a time upon the question, how in an age abounding with learning and wit, that one elegant art alone should be suffered to sink at this rate, and yet be tolerated by contemporaneous genius in all other matters of taste. Sirs, I am satisfied that it was ridicule properly directed that first opened men's eyes to shame at the endurance of such absurdities.

"What could expose us to the ridicule of foreigners more; than the placing of Kent's wretched picture, as an *altar-piece*, in Sir Christopher Wren's church of St. Clement Danes? All the witty skits which were penned in derision of the miserable daub, were of no avail; the Rector thought it would do well enough; Bishop Gibson did not wish to interfere; and the Churchwardens maintained against all disputants, that the figures singing and playing, were the *very moral of angels*, as you might see by their wings.

"Hogarth took the matter up, and engraved a print of this *altar-piece*, and wrote thereon, 'This picture has been taken down by order of the Lord Bishop of London (as 'tis thought), to prevent disputes and laying of wagers among the parishoners about the artist's meaning in it.'

"For public satisfaction here is a particular explanation of it, humbly offered to be writ under the original, that it may be put up again, by which means the parish's sixty pounds which they gave for it may not be entirely lost."

"It is amusing enough, in going back to this period, now almost a century, to reflect upon the squabbles which this picture excited, not only within the parish, but all over the town. Some would have it, that the introduction of a picture at the church-altar was an attempt to smuggle in the idolatrous superstitions of Roman Catholicism; others, that it was a sinful wasting of the parish money. The Jacobites were for leaving it up, and the Anti-jacobites for tearing it down. Hogarth, the rogne, slyly commenced with—

"First. It is not the Pretender's wife and Children, as our weak brethren imagine.

"Secondly. Nor Saint Cecilia, as the connoisseurs think; (he was always having a wipe at these gentry,) but a choir of angels playing in concert." Then he charitably pro-

ceeds to help the parishoners to an understanding of the subject, opening their weak eyes by an enlightening scale of reference:

"A, an organ.—B, an angel playing on it.—C, the shortest joint of the arm.—D, the longest joint.—E, an angel tuning an harp.—F, the inside of his leg, but whether right or left, as yet undiscovered.—G, a hand playing on a lute.—H, the other leg judiciously omitted, to make room for the harp.—I and K, smaller angels, as appears by their wings."

"This piece of waggery, I should think, worthy Docthor, may be instanced among the earliest application of the graphic art in the way of burlesque, and the commencement of that reform which satirical prints have mainly contributed to effect, by the exposure of the numberless absurdities which prevailed in the last century. For I cannot discover, amidst the constellation of wits that immediately preceded this humorous painter, or of those his compeers, that any one thought of applying the pencil in aid of the pen, to lampoon the extravagant follies of the day."

"I have often marvelled at that," replied the Doctor—"that it should be reserved for Hogarth to point to this new mode of satire, when there was so extensive a field for the exercise of the satiric pencil, in the portraiture of days, which Butler has so humorously portrayed. But, indeed, Sirs, it needed no caricature to depict scenes the most absurd that ever were performed on the stage of real life; and this is the more surprising, as, in the reign of the witty Charles, we had so many clever painters, who could have sketched what daily happened under their eyes. But, somehow, so it is, out of a thousand men of good talent, perhaps you will not find one man of an original cast of mind. It is wonderful to contemplate, taking in the whole sweep of history, that to how few—to how very few we owe the discovery of any thing new. I have many times fancied that a very curious work might be made out of a treatise on the origin and progress of satirical painting—or, in other words, the *History of Caricature*.

"Let me see—what think you, Counsellor,—could not you and our friend Ephraim, and I, together, contrive to make out some sort of list of the ingenious comical souls who set this humorous species of art agoing? Come—what say you, Sirs? Let us have a try for it. Come, Counsellor, you have a long memory—cannot you give us the *cue*, when it was, and what first gave rise to this graphic drolling, this picture language, which is now almost as prevalent and as comprehensible as the vernacular tongue? Faith! in casting my eyes along the print-shops in my way to the Bank the other day, and from what I can learn, there appears to be as many caricatures as there used in Wilkes's time to be pamphlets issuing from the press. Why, Counsellor, you, who delight in statistical reveries, should give us some curious information on this matter—as, how much copper is annually consumed for the plates—how many artists are employed—who are the topping designers among them—how many men, women, and children, get their bread by printing, colouring, and vending them—and, only that you, though a Counsellor, have nothing to do with the law, etc. I would not, and how much is annually expended in bringing and defending 'actions' for libel amidst such an ever increasing load of what is personal slander and unprovoked abuse."

mation. For, much as I am an advocate for the freedom of the press, which I always pray heaven may defend, yet, on my conscience! I have of late beheld some wicked and malignant abuses of this our glorious privilege, which righteously deserve the reprobation of all good men."

"Why, yes, Docthor, I heartily agree with you; there is too often a malignity in this species of ridicule, a licentiousness that has no bounds, and which is now carried so far that it has become a national sin. General satire, directed by wit and good taste, is, perhaps, the best corrective of public vice and folly. These licentious and indiscriminate attacks on individuals, however, are disclaimed by the main spirit of satire; they are rather the mischiefs of a 'Fury, armed with torches and fire-brands, than a pleasing and instructive preceptor of human life.'

"Now my old friend Captain Grose has shown the good humour which should govern the burlesque or general satire; and Hogarth the sterling point of personal attack. The one only points his ridicule at gross folly, absurdity, and inconsistency; the other, by his wit, chastises arrogance, and exposes sycophancy—and boldly turns the tables upon the greatest and the most merciless satirist of the age."

* Mr. Pope.

This Chapter is to be continued in our next Number.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

At the Royal Italian Theatre, they have been performing Elizabeth Queen of England, a musical drama, by del Signor Maestro Rossini. The dilettanti expected this Opera with great impatience, but it has produced very little effect: in spite of the talents and efforts of the actors, it is considered far inferior to the other productions of Rossini.

Mademoiselle Cinti has returned from London, she has not lost the freshness of her voice, and when she made her entrée in Ellsabbotta, the public testified, by repeated plauds, the pleasure her return has occasioned. Mose in Egitto, opera seria, by the same master, is expected to follow immediately the Ellsabbotta of England. Rossini was expected himself at Paris, where he was to have composed the music for several French pieces, but his demands were found too exorbitant by the administrators of the Royal Theatre, and we shall not possess this great composer next winter.

The first Théâtre Française is threatened with a great loss; Talma, its principal support, is likely to quit it on the 1st of October. He has requested of government a pension for life of 15,000 francs (about £300.) from the date of his retirement. The government will not enter into this engagement; and Talma, who notwithstanding his talents, is not rich, finds himself obliged to visit the provinces; and form some resources for his old age. The government ought not to drive a hard bargain with such an actor as Talma.

The representation of the Indiscret, a comedy in verse, by M. Théauloup, which was to have taken place at the second Théâtre Française, has been forbidden by the censors, because a number of stale forms one of the characters. The example of an indiscreet minister is considered as dangerous as that of a bad king.

Nicolas d'Artincourt, the author of the *Amateur* and the *Régiment*, is about to bring the world with another Romance; but it is to

be of a different cast. This is to make the readers burst with laughter, as the *Solitaire* made them shed scalding tears. As soon as it appears, I will give you some account of this compensatory production of our universal genius.

Apres of Talma, and his journey in the provinces—I can give you an anecdote or two: In one of his turns in the departments, he played Oreste in the *Iphigénie* of Guimond de la Touche. During the 3d scene of the 2d act, he embraced Pylade, and all at once the audience broke out in the most violent laughter—he was astonished—one of the whiskers of Pylade, made of lampblack and size, had marked another on Talma's face, and to complete the fun, in the embrace the whiskers had become reversed. Talma was very angry with the whisker manufacturer and the actor, and insisted on having, immediately, another Pylade.

On another excursion, when at Bordeaux, he received the following letter: "To the son of Melpomene—Sir, I have only six francs, and am without resources. I hear that you are to honour this town with your *furious* presence, and that, at the very moment when I propose to put an end to my existence. I defer then my project, in admiration of your talents, with which I am acquainted only by your fame. I conjure you then to hasten your visit, that I may admire you and expire. Refuse not the last desires of your fellow creature, who being able to live but four days, has divided the sum which remains, as follows:

| | |
|-----------------------------|---------------|
| Four days' nourishment..... | 3 francs. |
| Pit | 2 f. 10 sous. |
| Poison | 0 10 " |

Total..... 6 francs.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—We have had an opportunity of going over this Theatre, and of observing in detail the improvements with which it is to open on the approaching Season. The quantity of work done in a few weeks (it is now only seven since the demolition of the old fabric began) is astonishing; for within that time the House has been entirely gutted, and almost entirely, except the external walls and lobbies, reconstructed. It is difficult to convey a complete idea of the changes that have been operated, and of the beauty and brilliancy of ornament introduced into the new design. The two grand points, the accomplishment of which the lovers of the drama will most admire, are the contraction of the Audience part, and the extension of the Stage.

To achieve these desirable objects, it was found necessary by Mr. Beazeley, the able architect to whom the task was confided, to pull down the interior of the House to the very foundations, and recommence twenty feet below the original structure. As material an alteration has taken place at top as at bottom; and as it may make our description more clear, we will state what occurred to notice from survey from this elevation. The roof is lowered six or seven feet: and by a very ingenious, and, as we think, admirable plan, its whole circle will be obvious to the audience; that is to say, the usual section cut off by the proscenium will not appear in the illumination and abrupt form, but the entire round will terminate over the Stage, and thus the actors and the audience

be under one roof. From this arrangement, which we believe Mr. Beazeley also adopted at Dublin, we anticipate a greater degree of perfection in the transmission of sound from the stage, than all the contrivances of sounding-boards over the proscenium ever effected. The roof is adorned with radii of gold from the central lustre, and studded with gilded ornaments to a fine cornice of the same dazzling character.

The Upper Gallery is diminished by a wide belt or passage all round the back; and a similar passage is opened between the Stalls, which will prevent much of the confusion which arose from the antiquarian habits of their frequenters, who had before to descend one stair to the third circle, and ascend another thence, when they wished to remove from one side of the house to the other.

The ornament on the front of the third circle is a rich gold wreath on a white ground (i. e. a ground which though almost pink, will appear white in the theatrical light.) The next circle below, has one of the most classical and elegant patterns we ever saw in a Theatre; but we cannot farther describe it than by saying that to our eyes it appears to be at once eminently chaste and magnificent. The Dress Circle is adorned by thirteen painted designs from Shakespeare's plays, such as Romeo and Juliet at the moment the latter revives in the tomb, the Seven Ages, Lear in the Storm, Falstaff with the Buck's horns in the Forest Scene, Richard III. solicited to assume the Crown, Prospero in the Invocation, &c. &c. &c. These are superbly framed by panels, cornices, and other ornaments. It ought to be mentioned that in this part a very striking change has been made. The whole Boxes (throughout) are thrown forward nearly their own depth; and in the Dress Circle the space thus gained has been converted into twelve close boxes, resembling those at the English Opera House, of course immediately behind and forming the back of that Circle.* These boxes are to be let nightly to the public, and the key being given to the hire, families will enjoy both the benefit of coming at any hour which suits their convenience, and of not being intruded upon when there. Of this plan we entirely approve; and especially as it is executed without general inconvenience or encroachment on public rights: on the contrary, each Dress-box, genteely carpeted and limited to nine chairs, will be more agreeable than hitherto. Below the Dress Circle are the Private Boxes, as before, plain arched openings in the panel which surrounds the pit.

Of the Pit itself it need only be stated that it appears to be every way comfortable, and of a commodious size for the real enjoyment of the real drama. Indeed, without seeing the House, it is not easy to conceive how much it appears to be lessened in the audience part by what has been done.

The general form of the audience division is no longer that of the horse shoe: the sides run, contracting a little, into the proscenium, and the stage or orchestral boxes continue

* The extra-depth given to the boxes is about 5½ feet, and by so much is the whole circumference contracted: in the Dress Circle only have the family boxes been formed in the space galley, and these when unoccupied are useless, as sliding panels conceal their fronts. The additional depth in the upper tier, is filled with additional seats; and to the private boxes below small anti-rooms have been added.

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